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From the Author

ON THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST.

---

*A POEM.*

A

# POEM

ON THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST;

WHICH OBTAINED

## MR. BUCHANAN'S PRIZE.

BY

CHARLES GRANT, Esq. M.A.
FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

NEC REMORANTUR IBI; SIC RERUM SUMMA NOVATUR SEMPER.——

*LUCRETIUS.*

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# *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE Reverend CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, Vice-Provost of the College of Fort-William in Bengal, and formerly a Member of Queen's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the Degree of B. A. gave to the University, in 1804, the Sum of TWO HUNDRED and TEN POUNDS; desiring that it might be divided into the undermentioned Prizes.

I.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for an ENGLISH PROSE DISSERTATION,

*" On the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India; and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World."*

II.

SIXTY POUNDS for an ENGLISH POEM,

*" On the Restoration of Learning in the East."*

III.

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS for a LATIN POEM on the following subject:

*" Collegium Bengalense."*

IV.

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS for a GREEK ODE on the following subject:

" ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ."

# ARGUMENT.

I. The *first* Part of the Poem describes the degraded state of Hindoo Literature during the latter part of the last century. The shocks which Learning sustained from the persecuting Bigotry of Aurungzebe, the Irruption of Nadir Shah, and the intestine divisions to which that irruption gave rise, are particularly noticed.

II. A transition is then made to the ancient Splendor of Hindoo Literature during the period when India was governed by her native Kings. The earliest age of authentic Indian History is brought into review; some account is given of the Poetry and Philosophy of Vyasa, which distinguished succeeding times; and this Part closes with a reference to the last brilliant æra of India, when the Poet Calidasa flourished.

III. *Lastly,* The Revival of Learning on the Banks of the Ganges, under the auspices of the English, and particularly of the Asiatic Society, is celebrated. The Poem concludes with anticipating the diffusion of the Arts, the Sciences, and the Religion of Great Britain, throughout the East.

ON THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST.

*Nec remorantur ibi; sic rerum summa novatur*
*Semper.———*

"SHALL these bright hours of rapture roll away,
" And mournful years their gloomy wings display?
" These beauteous realms shall tyrant War deface,
" And fierce Oppression crush my favor'd race?"
Thus Ganges' Genius spoke, while yet, sublime
With Arts and Muses, smil'd his native clime,
And rich with Science, round the plains he loved
The golden hours in blooming circle moved.
With grief he saw the future ages rise,
Dark with their sad and fearful destinies;
Mark'd bleeding Science pinion'd to the ground,
And all her blasted trophies withering round!
With grief he saw, through Time's unfolding shade,
The fated chiefs in India's spoils array'd,

The might of Cassim, either Mahmud's sword,
And firm Cothbeddin, Delhi's earliest lord;
Stern Taimur, and th' imperial thrones that tower
O'er groaning Mathra and the walls of Gour.
Nor midst that brood of blood, a fiercer name
Than Aurungzebe th' indignant eye could claim,
More bold in act, in council more refin'd,
A form more hateful, or more dark a mind.
Skill'd to deceive, and patient to beguile
With sleepless efforts of unwearied toil,
His youth he shrouds in consecrated bowers,
Where prayer and penance lead the hermit hours;
Yet not to him those bowers their sweets impart,
The mind compos'd, smooth brow, and spotless heart;
No sun-bright visions with new hues adorn
Eve's purple cloud, or dewy beams of morn;
But Fancy wakes for him more grim delights,
War's imag'd pomp and Murder's savage rites,
And, like the Genius of some nightly spell,
Peoples with shapes accurs'd the wizard cell:
Keen Hate, Revenge, Suspicion's arrowy glare,
And all the blood-stain'd joys of Guilt are there:
Thus by fell visions roused, th' usurper springs
Fierce from his lair, to lap the blood of kings.
Go, count thy spoils, thy trophies grim rehearse,
Three brothers murder'd, and a father's curse:
Go, rear the musnud o'er the gasping mound
Of trampled hosts, while India weeps around;

On Hindoo shrines thy bigot fury pour,
And quench the darts of sharp Remorse in gore.
'Tis done. Lo Persecution lights from far
Her streaming fires, and terrors worse than war!
Where mystic hymnings awed the midnight air,
Strange sounds, that breathe or that inflict despair,
Are heard. The despot, throned in blood, presides
O'er havock's work, and all the ruin guides.
As from the realms that own stern Yama's[1] sway,
Some fierce Asura rushes to the day;
While swift his wheels divide the deeps on high,
The clouds, like wreaths of foam, around them fly:
Wide as he glares, his eyeballs scatter woe,
And terror lightens from his clanging bow.
Alas! how dark the baleful ruins spread!
What filial tears the sons of Science shed!
While in each bower the widow'd Arts repine,
And Learning clasps her violated shrine.
Sad on his staff, mid Casi's[2] blasted scenes,
Himself how fallen! the aged Pandeet[3] leans,
Exalts th' insulted Vedas[4] high in air,
And prays, and pours his soul into the prayer:

(1) *Yama* is the judge of Hell. The *Asuras*, or evil Genii, are under his dominion.

(2) *Casi* is a name of Benares, the principal seat of Hindoo learning.

(3) *Pandeet* is a Hindoo doctor or professor of learning.

(4) The *Vedas* are the sacred books of the Hindoos, and are supposed to have been promulgated by Brahma at the Creation. They are few in number, and were first reduced to writing by Vyasa, a celebrated sage, (mentioned in a succeeding part of the poem) about 1100 B. C. It seems to be now agreed that the fourth Veda is of a much later date than the other three.

" Say why, Narayen[1], while thy votary weeps,
" Thus wrapt in dumb repose thy thunder sleeps ?
" Oh, where that arm, with countless trophies crown'd,
" In heaven's dread lists o'er vanquish'd Gods renown'd ;
" Whose vengeance dash'd proud Rahu's[2] impious crest,
" And tore, with lion[3] fangs, the tyrant breast ?"
In vain, O sage, thou weep'st thy country's fate :
E'en now new woes her wasted plains await.
'Tis ever thus,—one ravage urges more ;
Warriors, like vultures, track the scent of gore.
Still fight to fight, to battle battle leads,
Still conqueror to conqueror succeeds ;
While states unwounded long remain secure ;
A bleeding empire is resistless lure.

[4] Hark ! 'tis a voice on Meshed's[5] holy walls.
His fierce Afshars[6] impetuous Nadir calls.

(1) *Narayen*, or *Vishnu*, is the second person of the Hindoo Triad, which is composed of Brahma, Vishnu, and Sceva. *Vishnu* means ' *The Preserver;*' and he is said to have frequently become incarnate, for the purpose of rescuing his worshippers from oppression.

(2) *Rahu* was one of the Asoors, who, in order to drink the *amoreet* or nectar, assumed the shape of a good Genius, but was slain by Vishnu.

(3) The fourth descent of the Deity incarnate, in Hindoo mythology, was in a form half lion, half man, for the destruction of a tyrant rajah.

(4) The following lines give a general sketch of the route of Nadir's conquests.

(5) *Meshed* means " the tomb of martyrs." It is the capital of Khorasan, and was the city from which Nadir first went forth to conquest by his own authority, and which he made the principal seat of government.

(6) *Afshars*, the tribe to which Nadir belonged.

From Gebal's mountains, whose rude summits shade
Nohavend's[7] dark and melancholy glade;
From fragrant Persis, gemm'd with orient flowers;
From Seistan's mines of gold and palmy bowers;
From thirsty Kerman, and Balsara's strand,
Where Susa's lawns to western suns expand,
Swells the disastrous sound to Media's vales,
Where health on Tabriz[8] breathes with all her gales;
To wild Araxes' yet untam'd career,
And Teflis, to the nymphs of Georgia dear.
Thy sons, Shirvaun, have heard on Bacu's shore,
And Derbend's[9] iron barrier frowns no more;
While the proud Russ[10], on Neva's banks aghast,
Starts at the echoes of the distant blast.
Back the dread echoes roll through climes of day;
Kings shrink to dust, and armies fade away:
High Candahar, on eastern ramparts bold,
Imperial Gazni, seat of monarchs old,
Cower at the peal; astonish'd Cabul yields,
Lahore recoils through all her floating[11] fields.
Ah! be the shadows deep on Karnal's[12] meads,
There, there, the towering pride of Delhi bleeds.

(7) *Nohavend*, the scene of the last decisive battle, which lasted for three days, between the Persians and Arabs, and terminated the empire of the former, in the seventh century.

(8) *Tabriz* or *Tauris*, remarkable for the purity of its air. Its name imports that it can never be infected by any contagious disorder.

(9) The ancient *Caspiæ Portæ*, called by the Turks, *The Gate of Iron*.

(10) The Russians sent an embassy to Nadir.

(11) *Lahore* is watered by the five branches of the Indus, and is thence called *Panjab*.

(12) *Karnal*, thirty leagues from Delhi. Here was fought the decisive battle between Nadir and Mahommed the Mogul emperor.

But e'en when, far from India's ravag'd wastes,
To other deaths impatient Nadir hastes,
Still social war, in gloomy wrath array'd,
Succeeds the fury of the Persian blade:
As when the lightning rush'd along the wind,
Touch'd by its stroke, the mountain flames behind.
From realm to realm the howl of havock swells,
As lawless rage or rebel pride impels:
Beneath th' usurper's frantic sceptre bow'd,
How droop thy hallow'd vales, romantic Oude!
Bahar wears mournfully the servile chains;
And tyranny o'erwhelms fair Hoogley's plains.
Ah, beauteous Cashmere[1], love's enchanting vale!
What new Abdallah[2] shall thy woes bewail?
In vain thy snowy mountains, swelling round,
For Peace alone would guard the holy ground:
Oh, once for thee the rosy-finger'd Hours
Wove wreaths of joy in Pleasure's echoing bowers;
Once round thy limpid stream and scented grove,
The haunts of Fancy, Freedom loved to rove;

(1) The Vale of *Cashmere* is the favourite theme of profuse panegyric with all Eastern authors and travellers. It is called the Paradise of the East. Among other excellencies, it was famous for the beauty of its inhabitants, for its plane-trees and roses. Before the Mahommedan conquest of India, it was celebrated for the learning of its Bramins. In the dismemberment of the Mogul Empire, it fell into the hands of the Afghans (1754). Mr. Foster, who travelled there in 1782, describes it as in the most wretched state. The wit, gaiety, and virtues of the inhabitants have declined with their commerce and prosperity. At the time Mr. Foster saw it, it was suffering the severest atrocities from the Afghar governor, who seems to have been one of the most abominable savages that ever oppressed any country. See *Foster's Travels*, Vol. I. Also *Bernier's Travels*.

(2) A celebrated Persian poet, who died A.D. 1520.

And, moulded by the hand of young Desire,
Thy daughters shone amid the virgin choir:
Not fair Circassia touch'd her blooming race
With tints so tender of impassion'd grace,
With all their glances wove such artless wiles,
Or breath'd such brightness round their angel smiles.
Ah! at the tyrant's frown those beauties die;
Fled is the smile, and sunk the speaking eye:
Nor harp nor carol warbles through the glade,
Nor pensive love-notes soothe the plane-tree shade;
But the steel'd savage revels in thy woes,
And round his temples twines thy brightest rose.
Science and Learning deck thy scenes no more,
But heavily some safer spot explore:
Yet not to Varanasi's[3] loved retreat
The exiles bend their melancholy feet:
There, too, the ruffian spear and step profane,
From shrines long cherish'd, scare the sister train.
Through every shade the horror rolls around,
And war-worn India bleeds at every wound:
Indignant Learning droops her blasted head,
Her noblest worthies mingled with the dead:
No more to awful thought the soul aspires,
But grief extinguishes the Muse's fires:
No more, while all her listening groves rejoice,
Enraptur'd Wisdom lifts th' instructing voice;
Nor Knowledge gives her philosophic eye
To read the blazing wonders of the sky;

(3) An ancient name of Benares.

Unmark'd the stars of morn or evening glow,
And suns unnotic'd arch the showery bow:
A dumb despair weighs downs the Arts sublime,
And Taste and Genius fly the sadden'd clime.

Ill fated India! yet thy plains have known
The sage's voice, and harp's enraptur'd tone;
Oft have thy proud pagodas heard the sound
Of hallow'd minstrelsy, wide warbling round;
And Learning's footsteps printed every vale,
Where Jumna's waves their long-lost joys bewail.
E'en when thy towers confess'd the tyrant's pride,
Thy native arts the Moslem spear defied;
Oft, as it gleam'd around, from age to age
The smile of Learning sooth'd the battle's rage;
Oft, while the sceptre graced some milder name,
Thy gladden'd Genius sprung to ancient fame.
Though fain the song thy varying fates would trace,
And tell the triumphs of thy subject race,
What arts reviving mark'd each glorious reign,
What poets waked the tributary strain;
What thoughts divine, and Fancy's glancing ray,
Consol'd the rigours of a foreign sway:
More pleased, the Muse to earlier years ascends,
And o'er the steps of kings and sages bends,
Thy native kings and sages all thy own,
Wise in the grove, or mighty on the throne.
Where Time remote his shadowy troop displays,
She hears the voices of departed days.

Age blest with all that life or decks or cheers,
Refines, instructs, ennobles, soothes, endears.
Then rose the triple Ramas [1], names ador'd,
To wield alike the sceptre and the sword.
Then thought Gautami [2], India's peerless boast,
Bright leader of the philosophic host:
Though ages interpos'd their dark'ning flight,
His distant beams illum'd the Stagirite.
Then Science smiled on man, and for his use
Arts intricate unveil'd, and lore abstruse;
Learning with all her stores enrich'd his mind;
Mild laws his will corrected, not confin'd;
Astronomy her high career begun,
And bade him rise from earth, to watch the sun:
To purify with pity and with dread,
Sage Tragedy her moral lesson spread;
And History [3] round her curious glances cast,
And to the future reason'd from the past;

(1) Of the three *Ramas*, two were universally allowed to be *Avatars*, or incarnations of the Deity; and the third was also supposed to be so. The most celebrated is *Rama Chaudra*, (though they *all* probably represent but one hero) a great legislator and conqueror. His age is fixed by Sir W. Jones 3800 years ago. It was the æra of universal improvement.

(2) Probably the most ancient founder of a philosophical school. The following lines refer to a tradition mentioned by Sir W. Jones, that "among other Indian curiosities, "which Callisthenes transmitted to his uncle (Aristotle), was a technical system of "logic, &c." supposed to be Gautami's, and perhaps the foundation of the Aristotelian method.—Sir W. Jones spells it *Gótama*, with the accent on the first syllable. The accent is here transferred, to render the word more agreeable to English ears. It is also spelt *Gautami*.

(3) No histories are extant, written in any part of India, except Cashmere.

While Valmic's [1] epic song, with heavenly art
Inspir'd, dilated all the gen'rous heart.

Nor less inspir'd and bold, in later time
Flow'd the full melody of Sanscreet rhyme,
Which tells what hosts on Kirket's [2] plains engag'd;
What ruthless wars fraternal chieftains waged.
Here the fierce Kooroos all their thunders pour,
Bheem's dreadful shell, and Bheeshma's lion roar;
There Pandoo's sons their favour'd ranks expand,
The fiery gandeev [3] bends in Arjun's [4] hand.
Lo, gods and demigods, a countless throng,
Blaze in the verse, and swell the pomp of song.
High Casi's groves the rapt'rous measures hail,
And distant calpas [5] kindle at the tale.

(1) One of the two great poets of India. He wrote an epic poem on the exploits of Rama, and is said to have been the first composer of Sanscreet verse.

(2) The following passage will be best explained by a general note. The other great epic poet of India, besides Valmic, was Vyasa. He wrote an epic poem, called The Mahabbarat. Of this poem Mr. Wilkins has translated an episode, called, The Bhagvat Geeta, or episode of Bhagvat or Crishna, another name for Vishnu. The episode describes the preliminaries to a dreadful battle fought near Delhi, between the Kooroos and Pandoos, two great collateral branches of the same family. The Pandoos were successful.—The Bhagvat Geeta is considered as too sacred for common readers, and is said to contain all the mysteries of Hindooism. It certainly abounds with sublime passages.

(3) *Arjun*, one of the Pandoos, was the favourite and pupil of Crishna, who acted as his charioteer in this battle.

(4) The *gandeev* was Arjun's bow.

(5) A *calpa* is a day of Brahma.

Such was thy strain, Vyasa[6], saint and sage,
Th' immortal Berkeley of that elder age.
Like him, with flames of holiest rapture fir'd,
To thoughts sublime thy daring mind aspir'd,
And, nature opening to thy ardent glance,
Saw God alone through all the vast expanse.
Mysterious theme! Beneath the peipal[7] shade,
His aged limbs the reverend Brahmin laid;
Full on his brow the holy ointment glow'd[8],
The snow-white zennar[9] o'er his shoulder flow'd;
The pointed cusa[10] deck'd his green retreat,
And Ganges' billow kiss'd his sacred feet:
Serene he view'd the laughing scenes around,
Bright Magadh's vales with floating chawla[11] crown'd,
The sunshine calm on Casi's turrets shed,
And clouds reposing on Heemala's head;

(6) *Vyasa* was not only a poet. He founded the most celebrated philosophical school in India, called the Vedanti School; of which the principal tenet is that so ably recommended to his countrymen by the celebrated Bishop Berkeley; viz. "That matter exists only as it is perceived."

*N. B.* It should be mentioned, that the Hindoos represent Valmic and Vyasa as cotemporaries. Sir W. Jones is decidedly of a contrary opinion, and places Vyasa in the eleventh century before the Christian æra. There is a very ingenious essay in the Asiatic Researches, by Mr. Bentley, in which an able attempt is made to reconcile these opposite opinions.

(7) The sacred fig-tree.

(8) The Brahmins paint a streak of yellow oker on their foreheads: some sects horizontally, and others perpendicularly.

(9) The *zennar* is the sacred thread worn by Brahmins.

(10) The *cusa* is the most sacred species of grass.

(11) *Chawla*, the Indian name of rice.

Then all entranc'd, recall'd his wand'ring eye,
And fix'd the gather'd beams on Deity:
From height to height his musing spirit soar'd,
And speechless thought[1] th' unutter'd name ador'd:
Till words unconscious flowing from his tongue,
He swell'd the strain, and mystic measures sung.

" 'Tis all delusion: Heaven and earth and skies,
" But air-wove images of lifeless dyes.
" He only lives—Sole Being—None beside—
" The Self-existing, Self-beatified:
" All else but wakes at Mayâ's[2] fairy call;
" For All that is, is not; or God is All.
" Stupendous Essence! obvious, yet unknown;
" For ever multiplied, for ever One.
" I feel thee not, yet touch on every side;
" See not, yet follow where thy footsteps guide;
" Hear not thy voice, yet own its mystic power
" In breathing silence of the midnight hour.
" Oh, what art thou? since all this bursting scene,
" Unnumber'd isles, and countless waves between;
" This fabric huge, on floating pillars rais'd,
" With suns and fiery elements emblaz'd;
" And thy own pedma[3], roseate flower of light,
" Emblem and cradle of Creative Might;

(1) The *Om*, or name of the Deity, never to be uttered but in silence.

(2) *Maya*, or Delusion; supposed to be a Goddess sprung from Brahma.

(3) *Pedma*, the sacred name of the *lotos*; an object of supreme veneration in all the mythological systems of the East, especially in that of the Hindûs. Brahma is said to

" Live ever on thy sleepless eye reclin'd,
" Embosom'd deep in the abyss of Mind.
" Close but th' all-seeing Mind, no splendor burns ;
" Unfold, and all the Universe returns.
" Oh, what art thou ? and what this darkling ray,
" Whose sadden'd lustre mourns in shrines of clay ?
" Sprung from thyself, though quench'd in human frame,
" Faint emanation of th' Eternal Flame.
" Oh, fade these scenes, where phantom beauty glows,
" And bid th' uncumber'd soul on Thee repose ;
" Expanse how dread, immeasureable height,
" Depth fathomless, and prospect Infinite."

Yet whence this progress of the Sage's mind,
Beyond the bounds by Nature's hand assign'd ?
Whence, every form of vulgar sense o'erthrown,
Soars the rapt thought, and rests on God alone ?

[1] Perhaps, by smooth gradations, to this end
All systems of belief unconscious tend,
That teach the infinite of nature swarms
With Gods subordinate, through endless forms,

have been born in a lotos, when he created the world. It was regarded also as an emblem of the creative power. "This plant (says Mr. Knight) being productive of itself, and vegetating from its own matrice, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the productive power of waters, upon which the active spirit of the Creator operated, in giving life and vegetation to matter."—Mr. Knight cited by Mr. Maurice ; *Indian Antiquities,* Vol. III.

(1) The author has here ventured to propose a conjecture respecting the possible origin of (what is commonly, though inaccurately, termed) the Immaterial Philosophy, from the principles of Polytheism.

And every object, useful, bright, malign,
Of some peculiar is the care or shrine.
Ask the poor Hindoo if material things
Exist: he answers, Their existence springs
From Mind within, that prompts, protects, provides,
And moulds their beauties, or their terrors guides.
Blooms the red flow'ret? Durva[1] blushes there.
Flash lightnings fierce? dread Indra[2] fills the air.
The morning wakes, or high the white wave swells,
That Surya[3] brightens, Ganga[4] this impels.
Thus, in each part of this material scene,
He owns that matter leans on Mind unseen;
And in each object views some God pourtray'd,
This all in all, and that but empty shade;
The Mind extinct, its shadows too must flee,
And all the visible forget to be.
But when the Sage is taught these Gods to deem
The powers personified of One Supreme,
He not destroys their functions, but transfers;
Their titles changes, not their characters;
Content, for many, one Great Cause t' adore,
He now terms attributes what Gods before:

(1) *Durva* is the most beautiful species of grass, and supposed to be the residence of a Nymph of the same name. Its flowers, says Sir William Jones, seen through a lens, are like minute rubies.

(2) The God of the firmament.

(3) The Deity of the Sun.

(4) *Ganga* is the Goddess of the Ganges, who sprung, like Pallas, from the head of the Indian Jove.

Yet still untouch'd that principle retains,
Mind, ever present, in all matter reigns;
His creed the same, whate'er that Mind he call,
In each imprison'd, or diffus'd through all.
Still of this whole each portion, every hour,
Asks instant energies of local power.
If in himself the Infinite comprise
The varying powers of countless Deities,
Say, should not he, with equal ease as they,
Through objects numberless those powers display?

But turn, my Muse, where softer themes invite,
And lyric measures court to gay delight:
There Jayadeva's[5] mystic transport flows,
And Crishen smiles, and Radha weeps her woes:
Bright o'er the bard, sublime on lory plumes,
Love's youthful God, celestial Cama[6], blooms:
Sad from his winged throne he bends to hear,
And mingles with the strings a heavenly tear;
While, sportive at his side, the virgin choir
Float in light measures round the thrilling lyre.

(5) The famous lyric poet of India. His age is uncertain, but he lived between Vyasa and Calidasa. He is one of the *mystic* poets, or those who profess to couch under the most glowing sensual images the sublimest mysteries of religion. His pastoral drama on the Loves of Crishen (Vishnu incarnate) and Radha, is translated by Sir William Jones, and is a beautiful composition.

(6) The Hindoo Cupid. He rides on a lory or parrot. Among other appendages, he has five arrows tipped with herbs of a healing quality, and is attended by twelve damsels.

Yet brighter lustres gild Avanti's[1] towers,
Where Vieramadyt[2] sways his subject powers.
See, round his throne what Arts and Graces bow!
What Virtues diadem his godlike brow!
In sacred band, nine hallow'd bards prolong
Unwearied warblings of accordant song:
So move the ninefold spheres[3] their radiant rounds,
With sleepless melodies of angel sounds.
But Fancy chief for Calidasa's Muse
From groves of Indra[4] steals celestial hues,
Hues[5] ever-blooming, with whose blushes sweet
Th' immortal Apsars tinge their snowy feet.
Haste, in sad pomp the tragic scene extend;
Rise, weeping dames, and mailed chiefs ascend;
There let Dushmanta's volant car advance,
And throne dominion on his ample glance;

(1) The modern Oujein, the capital of the dominions of Scindia, the well-known Mahratta chief. It was the first meridian of the Hindoos.

(2) *Vieramaditya*, the most celebrated of Indian kings. He died B. C. 57. His reign forms the æra from which the Hindoos calculate. His court was distinguished for nine celebrated poets, called The Nine Gems. Of these, the most eminent was Calidasa, the tragic poet, whose "Fatal Ring" has been translated by Sir W. Jones. The king Dushmanta, and his wife Sacontala, are the principal personages in that composition.

(3) Novem tibi orbibus, vel potius globis, connexa sunt omnia. *Cic. in Som. Scip.* Milton says in his Arcades:

"———when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears.

(4) *Indra* resides in the lower heavens, situated in the north pole. The *Apsaras* are the damsels of his court.

(5) The hint of this image is borrowed from the "Sacontala, or Fatal Ring."

And there, by Malini's sequester'd stream,
In Love's warm youth let softer virtue gleam,
Now flush'd with smiles, and bright in vernal glow,
Now victim pale of solitary woe.
Is there who knows how Love's soft thrillings burn,
When Hope, half dubious, whispers sweet return?
O'er the flush'd cheek what sudden blushes roll,
When meeting eyes confess the mingling soul?
Is there whose anguish mourns a hopeless fire,
By sighs and tears consum'd of sad desire,
Tears of the heart, that flow in secret there,
And sighs just waked and smother'd by despair?
For these ascends the sympathetic strain,
True to the joy and faithful to the pain;
For these the song shall stream from age to age,
Their raptures kindle and their griefs assuage.
Hail, happy years! when every lyre was strung,
And every clime with mirth and music rung.
While Asia's voice her Calidasa blest,
Hark! kindred spirits answer'd from the West.
There all his lofty tones Lucretius gave,
And epic transports burst on Mincio's wave,
While roved the Matin bee o'er sweetest flowers,
And all Hymettus bloom'd in Tibur's bowers.
Oh, could some God have rent the veil away,
And join'd in one the masters of the lay!
Illustrious names! though breath'd the mutual tone
In distant climes, unknowing and unknown,

Yet haply, by a viewless touch impell'd,
Your choral symphonies responsive swell'd,
And some spher'd seraph, with the song beguil'd,
Lean'd from his rolling orb to hear, and smil'd.

How swift, O India, fled those happy years!
How soon thy palmy glories sunk in tears!
What Muse, unwarm'd, their early bloom can eye,
Or sing their alter'd fates without a sigh?
Such thy sad trophies, War! by thee dismay'd,
The classic Graces fly their cherish'd shade.
Peace still they love, the moonlight hour serene,
Th' unwitness'd musings of some tranquil scene,
Where all is calm and joy, within, around,
No care to ruffle, and no grief to wound.
Oft their bright train, ere yet the war arise,
E'en from its distant rumour shrinks and flies:
So, ere it touch the steel, the solar ray
Plays off from the keen edge, and glides away.
But not alone the trumpet's madding roar
Expell'd the weeping Arts from Ganges' shore;
Lo! nurs'd in Superstition's gloomy bower,
Vice[1] wings with added speed the fatal hour;
Thick and more thick her blighting breath she sheds,
And Learning sickens as the mildew spreads.

(1) The inevitable tendency of vice to degrade the faculties of the soul, is most eloquently insisted on by Longinus, in the last section of his celebrated treatise.

For still this sovereign principle we find,
True in the individual as the kind,
Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
The moral powers and powers of intellect;
Still these on those depend by union fine,
Bloom as they bloom, and as they fade, decline.
Talents, 'tis true, gay, quick, and bright, has God
To virtue oft denied, on vice bestow'd;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To paint the insect's than the eagle's wings.
But of our souls the high-born loftier part,
Th' etherial energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, labouring thought intense,
Creative Fancy's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, Virtue, these to thee alone belong;
These are celestial all, nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould:
Chill'd by the breath of Vice, their radiance dies,
And brightest burns when lighted at the skies;
Like vestal flames, to purest bosoms given,
And kindled only by a ray from heaven[2].

But, lo! once more return the happy hours;
Learning revisits her forsaken bowers.
To greet her loved approach, her chosen band
In joyful ranks unites on Ganges' strand.

(2) The author has been prevented from proceeding to state other causes of the decay of science, from want of time.

'Twas thus of old, when swell'd the rushing Nile
From Nubian hills or Meroe's sun-burnt isle,
At once, with all her priests, an awful train,
Transported Memphis issued on the plain ;
The white-robed pontiff watch'd the sinking vale,
And waved his wand, and bade Osiris hail.
Not with less rapture Learning's votaries burn,
And court her steps, and bless her glad return.
Full in their front, with eye that upward soars,
Apart the mighty Hierophant adores,
Accomplish'd Jones ! whose hand to every art
Could unknown charms and nameless grace impart.
His was the soul, by fear nor interest sway'd,
The purest passions and the wisest head ;
The heart so tender, and the wit so true,
Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew ;
The song, to Virtue as the Muses dear,
Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe.
What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,
The spoils august of Athens and of Rome.
And, lo ! untouch'd by British brows before,
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore :
There, at his magic voice, what wonders rise !
Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries :
Round her dark shrines a sudden blaze he showers,
And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon[1] towers.

(1) This alludes to the various elucidations which Sir W. Jones has given of Hindoo mythology, and particularly to his "Essay on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India," (*As. Reg.* Vol. I.) in which the indentity of the Deities worshipped in those distant countries is proved with singular skill and precision.

Where, half unheard, Time's formless billows glide,
Alone he stems the dim discover'd tide;
Wide o'er th' expanse as darts his radiant sight,
At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.
Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,
Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;
Immortal names! though long immers'd in shade,
Long lost to song, though destin'd not to fade.
O'er all the master of the spell presides,
Their march arranges, and their order guides;
Bids here or there their ranks or gleam or blaze
With hues of elder or of later days.
See, where in British robes sage Menu [2] shines,
And willing Science opes her Sanscreet mines!
His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres,
Her tragic sorrows, and her epic fires;
Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,
And strains sublime of philosophic lore:
Bright in his view their gather'd pomp appears,
The treasur'd wisdom of a thousand years.
Oh, could my verse, in characters of day,
The living colours of thy mind pourtray,
And on the sceptic, midst his impious dreams,
Flash all the brightness of their mingled beams!
Then should he know, how talents various, bright,
With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite;

(2) In reference to Sir W. Jones's celebrated translation of "The Institutes of Menu," the great Indian legislator.

And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see
What genius, honour, virtue, ought to be.
Philosopher, yet to no system tied;
Patriot, yet friend to all the world beside;
Ardent with temper, and with judgment bold:
Firm, though not stern, and though correct, not cold;
Profound to reason, or to charm us gay;
Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to pray.

Such, too, was CHAMBERS[1], ever honour'd name!
What needs the Muse to give thy worth to Fame?
To thee the nymphs of Eastern song display'd
The haunts of Hafiz in the Persian shade,
And early taught thy curious steps to rove
Through Hyaz' bowers or Yemen's odorous grove.
But holier fires illum'd thy favour'd breast,
With arts divine and saintly virtues blest.
Alas! those saintly virtues languish'd here,
And, worn with exile, sought their native sphere.
Nor long a brother's[2] woes bedew'd thy urn,
Too soon by kindred fate forbid to mourn.
Oh, crown'd with learning, and refin'd by art,
The generous mind, the uncorrupted heart!
Still Isis, hallow'd stream! his name reveres,
And British Themis sheds her awful tears.

There, WILKINS, to the sons of Brahma known,
With great Vyasa's triumphs blends his own:

(1) Mr. William Chambers. (2) Sir Robert Chambers.

While the dark tales of elder ages lie
Unravell'd to sage WILFORD's classic eye.
Who can forget how DAVIS loved to trace,
By ancient sages led, th' etherial space,
What laurels wave round either COLEBROOKE's brow,
O'er CLEVELAND's tomb what sacred sorrows flow,
Or SCOTT's historic wreath, or RENNEL's praise,
Or, studious HAMILTON, thy modest bays,
Or SHORE, to grace and govern empire born,
With laws to strengthen, or with arts adorn,
Friend to the Muse, and by the Muse belov'd,
By Britain honour'd, and by Heaven approv'd?
Nor these alone: But, lo! as WELLESLEY leads,
Rise other names, and a new race succeeds.
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire
To JONES's learning or to JONES's fire;
In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,
And toil and brighten up the steep of Fame.
Thou too, had Heaven but listen'd to our prayer,
Thou too, MACKENZIE, shouldst have brighten'd there.
Oh, hopes dissolv'd! oh, prospects all decay'd!
Oh, dawn of glory, opening but to fade!
Pleased we beheld thy early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.

(3) Lewis Mackenzie, Esq. of the Bengal civil establishment. He died at Calcutta in 1800, just after he had been honoured with a medal for his proficiency in the College lately established there. He was the son of Mr. Mackenzie the celebrated author of "The Man of Feeling."

By Hoogley's banks, from kindred dust how far!
On thy cold stone looks down the Eastern star.
But still Affection views thy ashes near,
The mould is precious, and that stone is dear:
Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,
And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.
Yet say, why on that dark eventful day,
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,
When friendship's warmth mid parting sorrows burn'd,
Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd,
Though Hope was there all credulous and young,
Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung?
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed
O'er shivering nature some unconscious dread?
And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,
Prophetic sadness and a weight of woe?

How dark, though fleeting, are the days of man!
What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span!
For what is life? A groan, a breath, a sigh,
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,
A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.
Or wept or weeping all the change we know;
'Tis all our mournful history below.
Pleasure is Grief but smiling to destroy,
And what is Sorrow but the ghost of Joy?
Oh, haste that hour, whose rustling wings shall play
To warn the shades of guilt and grief away!

Meantime, what dubious contest on those plains
With the faint dawn reluctant Night maintains!
Britain, thy voice can bid the dawn ascend,
On thee alone the eyes of Asia bend.
High Arbitress! to thee her hopes are given,
Sole pledge of bliss and delegate of Heaven;
In thy dread mantle all her fates repose,
Or bright with blessings, or o'ercast with woes;
And future ages shall thy mandate keep,
Smile at thy touch, or at thy bidding weep.
Oh! to thy godlike destiny arise!
Awake and meet the purpose of the skies!
Wide as thy sceptre waves, let India learn
What virtues round the shrine of empire burn;
Some nobler flight let thy bold Genius tower,
Nor stoop to vulgar lures of fame or power;
Such power as gluts the tyrant's purple pride,
Such fame as reeks around the homicide.
With peaceful trophies deck thy throne, nor bare
Thy conquering sword, till Justice ask the war:
Justice alone can consecrate renown,
Her's are the brightest rays in Glory's crown;
All else nor eloquence nor song sublime
Can screen from curse, or sanctify from crime.
Let gentler arts awake at thy behest,
And science soothe the Hindoo's mournful breast.
In vain has Nature shed her gifts around,
For eye or ear, soft bloom or tuneful sound;

Fruits of all hues on every grove display'd,
And pour'd profuse the tamarind's gorgeous shade.
What joy to him can song or shade afford,
Outcast so abject, by himself abhor'd?
While chain'd to dust, half struggling, half resign'd,
Sinks to her fate the heaven-descended Mind,
Disrobed of all her lineaments sublime,
The daring hope whose glance outmeasur'd time,
Warm passions to the voice of Rapture strung,
And conscious thought, that told her whence she sprung.
At Brahma's stern decree, as ages roll,
New shapes of clay await th' immortal soul;
Darkling condemn'd in forms obscene[1] to prowl,
And swell the midnight melancholy howl.
Be thine the task, his drooping eye to cheer,
And elevate his hopes beyond this sphere,
To brighter heavens than proud Sumeeru[2] owns,
Though girt with Indra and his burning thrones.
Then shall he recognise the beams of day,
And fling at once the four-fold chain[3] away;
Through every limb a sudden life shall start,
And sudden pulses spring around his heart;
Then all the deaden'd energies shall rise,
And vindicate their title to the skies.

(1) The Hindûs of the lowest class firmly believe themselves to be of the same species as the jackals; and are taught, that through eternal transmigrations they shall never rise higher than those animals.

(2) *Sumeeru* is the mountain on which Indra's heaven is placed.

(3) In allusion to the four castes.

Be these thy trophies, Queen of many Isles!
On these high Heaven shall shed indulgent smiles.
First by thy guardian voice to India led,
Shall Truth divine her tearless victories spread;
Wide and more wide the heaven-born light shall stream,
New realms from thee shall catch the blissful theme,
Unwonted warmth the soften'd savage feel,
Strange chiefs admire, and turban'd warriors kneel,
The prostrate East submit her jewell'd pride,
And swarthy kings adore the Crucified.
Fam'd Ava's walls MESSIAH's name shall own,
Where haughty splendor guards the Birman throne.
Thy hills, Tibet, shall hear, and Ceylon's bowers,
And snow-white waves that circle Pekin's towers[4],
Where, sheath'd in sullen pomp, the Tartar lord
Forgetful slumbers o'er his idle sword:
O'er all the plains, where barbarous hordes afar
On panting steeds pursue the roving war,
Soft notes of joy th' eternal gloom shall cheer,
And smoothe the terrors of the arctic year:
Till from the blazing line to polar snows,
Through varying realms, one tide of blessing flows.
Then shall thy breath, celestial Peace, unbind
The frozen heart, and mingle mind with mind;
With sudden youth shall slumb'ring Science start,
And call to life each long-forgotten art,

(4) The White River.

Retrace her ancient paths, or new explore,
And breathe to wond'ring worlds her mystic lore.

Yes, it shall come! E'en now my eyes behold,
In distant view, the wish'd-for age unfold.
Lo, o'er the shadowy days that roll between,
A wand'ring gleam foretells th' ascending scene!
Oh, doom'd victorious from thy wounds to rise,
Dejected India, lift thy downcast eyes,
And mark the hour, whose faithful steps for thee
Through Time's press'd ranks bring on the jubilee!

Roll back, ye crowded Years, your thick array,
Greet the glad hour, and give the triumph way.
Hail First and Greatest, inexpressive name,
Substantial Wisdom, God with God the same!
Oh Light, which shades of fiercest glory veil,
Oh human Essence, mix'd with Godhead, hail!
Powers, Princedoms, Virtues, wait thy sovereign call,
And but for Thee exists this breathing all.
Then shake thy heavens, thou Mightiest, and descend,
While Truth and Peace thy radiant march attend.
With wearied hopes thy thousand empires groan,
Our aching eyes demand thy promis'd throne.
Oh cheer the realms from life and sunshine far!
Oh plant in Eastern skies thy sevenfold star!

Then, while transported Asia kneels around,
With ancient arts and long-lost glories crown'd,
Some happier Bard, on Ganges' margin laid,
Where playful bamboos weave their fretted shade,
Shall to the strings a loftier tone impart,
And pour in rapturous verse his flowing heart.
Stamp'd in immortal light on future days,
Through all the strain his country's joys shall blaze;
The Sanscreet song be warm'd with heavenly fires,
And themes divine awake from Indian lyres.

## ERRATA.

Page 13, line 1, for Live *ever* &c. read Live *only* &c.

—— 22, —— 14, for *Hyaz'* read *Hejaz'*.

ON THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST.

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*A POEM.*

A

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ON THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST.

BY

THE REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M.A. F.R.S.

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DIMOTAQUE VENIT SPECTANDA SCIENTIA NUBE.

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1805.

TO

# LADY JONES

THIS POEM

ON

A SUBJECT INTIMATELY CONNECTED

WITH THE REVERED MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM JONES

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

HUNMANBY,
*March* 30, 1805.

# *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE Reverend CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, Vice-Provost of the College of Fort-William in Bengal, and formerly a Member of Queen's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the Degree of B. A. gave to the University, in 1804, the Sum of TWO HUNDRED and TEN POUNDS; desiring that it might be divided into the undermentioned Prizes:

I.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for an ENGLISH PROSE DISSERTATION,

*" On the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India; and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World."*

II.

SIXTY POUNDS for an ENGLISH POEM,

*" On the Restoration of Learning in the East."*

III.

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS for a LATIN POEM on the following subject:

*" Collegium Bengalense."*

IV.

TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS for a GREEK ODE on the following subject:

" ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ."

THE Gentlemen appointed by the University of Cambridge to award Mr. BUCHANAN's Prizes, after having adjudged the Prize for the English Poem to Mr. GRANT, Fellow of Magdalen College, unanimously expressed their Wish for the Publication of the following Poem: The Author, therefore, with a just sense of the honour which it has experienced, now submits it to general perusal.

# ARGUMENT.

*Creation. Light.* INDIA. *It's vegetable, literary, and religious superiority over the Western World.* Brahma *introduces his superstition.* INDIA *still eminent in physics (particularly astronomy), metaphysics, ethics, and poetry — lyric, epic, and dramatic.* "The Fatal Ring." Mahometan *irruptions under* Mahmoud *of* Ghizni (*anciently,* Bactria) *A. D.* 1002, &c. Tamerlane. INDIA *totally degraded. Her* European *conquerors for a long time equally oppressive. Sir* WILLIAM JONES. *His attainments, and virtues; and premature death. The Marquis* Wellesley. *The New College at* Calcutta. CAMBRIDGE. *The Effects of "The Restoration of Learning" on the peasantry and manufacturers of* Hindostan — *Improvements in Chemistry, Medicine, &c. In Morals: In Social Feeling — The* Paria: *Mr.* Cleveland *civilizes the district of* Bhâgulpour — *and in Religion. The Missionaries. Apostrophe to* ENGLAND. *Contrast of her arts with those of* France. *Conclusion.*

THE

# RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

# THE EAST.

"LET there be light!"—So spake th' Almighty Word
And streams of splendour gush'd around their Lord.
Forth at that bidding, emulous to run
His course of glory, sprang the giant Sun;
And, as he chased the scattered rear of night[1],
O'er the wide East diffused his earliest light.
There, while his infant beam on Ganges play'd,
Or hung entranced o'er Agra's spicy glade,
INDIA, first cherish'd with his orient ray,
Shone like a bride in brightest colours gay.
Cradled on earth's soft lap, it's lowly bed,
In blushing pride luxuriant Butea spread:
Itself a grove, the banyan there was seen,
Arch within arch, and "echoing walks between[2];"

(1) "Scattering the rear of darkness." (*Sacontalà*, Act IV.)

(2) MILT. *Par. Lost*, IX. 1107.

There Vegetation fix'd her choice abode,
And one sweet garden all the region glow'd.
When the world sunk into it's watry grave,
India rose brilliant from the penal wave;
Shook off her stains, and rich in nature's charms,
Rush'd to the Sun's invigorating arms.
Rear'd in her fields, and foster'd by her skies,
The growth of mind attain'd it's loftiest size:
There where the mango swell'd on every bough,
And double harvests teem'd without the plough,
Her happy race knew none save letter'd toil,
And Arts and Science bless'd the genial soil.
Ere Revelation flamed from Sinai's height,
India rejoiced in patriarchal light.
Tradition there preserved, from sire to son,
That first great truth, that God is All and One;
'Till fabling bards the mystic song began,
And learned darkness stole on wilder'd man.
His rigid code then selfish Brahma framed,
Then for his Caste it's proud distinction claim'd;
Waved o'er the cheated realm his ebon wand,
And scatter'd demon-meteors through the land.
So born and fed 'mid Turan's mountain-snows,
Pure as his source, awhile young Ganges flows;
Through flowery meads his loitering way pursues,
And quaffs with gentle lip the nectar'd dews;
'Till, swoln by many a tributary tide,
His waters wash some tall pagoda's side:

Then broad and rough, 'mid rocks unknown to day,
Through tangled woods where tigers howl for prey,
He foams along; and, rushing to the main,
Drinks deep pollution from each tainted plain.

Yet still kind Science, prodigal of good,
Smiled on her dusky suitor as he woo'd.
To him, while EUROPE's hordes lay whelm'd in shade,
Her fullest charms the radiant power display'd:
Show'd him the wonders of her secret lore,
The plant's retiring virtues to explore;
From midnight depths the sparkling gem to raise,
And bid it on the brow of beauty blaze:
Urged him afar to send his ranging eye
'Mid the bright orbs, that gild the peopled sky;
To trace the self-poised planets, as they run
In endless circle round their central sun:
See whirling earth, with two-fold impulse driven,
Wheel through the vast obliquity of heaven;
While day and night, and all the changeful year,
Turn as she turns and hang on her career:
Taught him, with useful fiction, to pourtray
The glittering monsters of th' ecliptic way:
Th' innumerous host of stars to group and name,
That pour on worlds unseen their solar flame;
Orion's might which wields the southern seas,
Arcturus, and the cluster'd Pleiades[3]:

(3) The knowledge of physics (particularly astronomy) by which the old Hindus were distinguished, as well as their metaphysic, ethic, and poetic fame, are briefly

Taught him with subtler skill, and better art,
To pierce the close recesses of the heart;
Hold moral beauty to man's raptured sight,
Guide him from passion's glare to reason's light;
And prompt him, to himself severely true,
His high descent to prove, his glorious end pursue.
Nor only Science led her Indian youth
With patient labour to the throne of truth,
Studious by just gradation to refine
From brute to human, human to divine;
But Fancy rapt him on her wing of fire
To realms sublime, where bliss outruns desire;
Where streams of crystal feed ambrosial flowers,
And love and glory speed the laughing hours:
There to his hand resign'd her powers of sway,
Her lyre, and liquid voice, and numerous lay;
Gave him her holy hymn, her lofty ode,
To sing the chieftain or to sound the God:
Gave him her stately epic, to rehearse
His Arjun's[4] fame with all the pomp of verse;
When Krishna, mounted on the hero's car,
Bore him secure amid the clanging war:

stated by Robertson, with his accustomed elegance, in the Appendix to his "Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India;" and more at large by Craufurd, in his "Sketches" of that ingenious people.

(4) The *Bhágvat Geeta*, or "Dialogues of Krishna and Arjun," an extract from the *Mahabharat* (the great epic poem of India, written, if we may trust the chronology of the Brahmins, within a century after the deluge) was translated by Mr. Wilkins from the original Sanscrit in 1785. It contains all the grand mysteries of the Brahminical faith.

Gave him her drama's tearful vase, to pour
O'er virtue's sacred anguish pity's shower;
When soft Sacontalà[5] in Canna's grove
Press'd the fond pledge of her Dushmanta's love,
Or as her steps yet linger'd on the green
(Of all her infant sports the happy scene)
Wept o'er each flower, her garden's blameless pride,
Kiss'd the young fawn that sorrow'd by her side;
And still, to ease her bosom's bursting swell,
To flower and fawn prolong'd the sad farewell.

And did oblivion quench this hallow'd fire?
May Genius like the brood of earth expire?
With meteor front a few short moments soar,
Then sink forgotten, and be seen no more?
Ah! no: by age undimm'd his cheek appears;
His laurell'd brow defies th' assault of years.
'Twas Mecca's star, whose orb malignant shed
It's baleful ray o'er India's distant head.
Fleet from the stormy west, on steed of flame,
To blast her bloom the Bactrian[6] archer came:
Beside him rode, twin ministers of fate,
The Lust of Empire and Religious Hate;

(5) See Sir William Jones's elegant version of Calidas' drama, "The Fatal Ring." It's author, the Shakspeare of India, was the brightest of the Nine Gems, who adorned the court of Vicramáditya in the century immediately preceding the birth of Christ.

(6) Mahmoud of Ghizni; who, after desolating India by twelve successive irruptions (the first A. D. 1002), under the pretence of converting it's inhabitants to the true faith, founded a dynasty which lasted about 150 years.

And still, where'er their sanguine banners flew,
Spring's rosy splendours vanish'd from the view.
Her last faint throb of struggling life to crush,
See from the north remorseless Timur rush!
His drear morasses, and his boisterous sky,
The fire-eyed[7] Tartar quits without a sigh:
Calls his grim squadrons from their realms of snow,
And leads where zenith suns strange lustre throw:
By Bember's foot, who dreary, black and bold,
Stands the stern guard of Cashmere's vale of gold;
Through bowery Matra, where the Gopia nine
In love's disport with youthful Krishen join:
There while the mango from it's stem they tear,
Or light with saffron[8] wreaths their raven hair,
O'er India's plains the myriad swarms expand,
And Science, Genius, Fancy fly the land.
So, 'mid th' effulgence of her ardent skies,
In the broad noon a spot is seen to rise,
Dread Typhon's cradle! O'er th' horizon's space
The monster spreads, till heaven scarce yields him place;
Then pours his fury, and with vengeful sweep
Bears houses, herds, and harvests to the deep:
Before the fiend the groves of Eden bloom,
Behind him scowls a desert and a tomb: —

(7) This was the peculiar feature of Tamerlane. "His eyes (say the historians) appeared *full of fire*." Krishen and the nine Gopia, mentioned below, are the obvious prototypes of the Grecian Apollo and his Muses.

(8) The saffron flowers of the Michelia are used by the Indian ladies, to relieve the jetty blackness of their hair. (Pennant's "Outlines of Hindostan.")

Thus India, bright in fortune's favouring hour,
Bewailed the ravage of invading power.
Witness imperial Delhi's[9] fatal day,
When bleeding Rajahs choked proud Jumna's way:
Witness, Benares, thy neglected towers,
Where wisdom mused in academic bowers;
Their quadrant[10] curves where learned walls display'd,
And gnomon pillars threw their length of shade:
Witness the voice suppress'd, the silent shell,
Which erst in lovely strife were wont to swell:
Witness (ah! heaviest curse) the night of mind,
To Superstition's ghastly brood resign'd.
Now all her veins the lethargy invades;
Mute are her schools, and hush'd her warbling shades.
No more the Muse exulting Fancy fires,
Prompts the high thought, the lofty strain inspires:
Memory no more to the degenerate line
Points, where their country's ancient glories shine;
On youth's pure cheek bids generous passion glow,
Or lifts his arm to lay th' oppressor low.
Ah, wretched land! to every ill a prey;
Thy sons enslaved, thy cities in decay!
But light the chains, the abject frame that bind,
To those which bow to earth th' aspiring mind.

(9) When Tamerlane caused it to be destroyed, A. D. 1397, upon the pretext of an insult offered to his troops, after the horrid ceremony of the Joar.

(10) For a particular account of this celebrated observatory, see a Letter from Sir Robert Barker to the President of the Royal Society of London, read on the 29th of May, 1777.

Where once th' Hindu his simple prayer preferr'd,
Where sweet his carol'd hymn of praise was heard;
His turf-built altar unembrued with blood,
His gentle heart's religion — to do good;
There in her gory shrine, with outstretch'd hands,
Her human food stern Calica[11] demands:
There his huge car the monster-god[12] impels
O'er prostrate crowds, who court the crushing wheels:
There, from her babes by savage Brahmins borne,
The widow'd mother clasps her consort's urn;
With ill-feign'd triumph mounts his blazing pyre,
And sinks, proud trembler! in the sacred fire[13].
These, Superstition's execrable train,
Throng the vex'd soul where darkness holds her reign.
Thus, Elephanta[14], through thy cavern'd halls
Portentous sculptures frown along the walls:
With snaky wreaths, in strong projection bold,
Clasp the wide arch, the massive shaft enfold;

(11) The thirst for blood of this black goddess (the wife of Shiva, and the counterpart of the Tauric Diana or Hecate) is allayed in proportion to the dignity of her victim. After an offering of fish or tortoise, it soon recurs: by the sarabha it is quenched for twenty-five, and by the tiger for an hundred years: but man is her favourite sacrifice, and his blood is effectual for a complete chiliad. This latter oblation however, as Sir William Jones informs us, is now forbidden.

(12) Jagrenaut. The car of this deity is four stories high, and moves upon sixteen wheels; beneath which, numbers of his deluded votaries annually throw themselves to be crushed to death, as a sure passport to immortal happiness.

(13) This custom still prevails in the Mahratta empire, and in the dominions of the ancient Rajahs, particularly amongst families of distinction. By the English it has been uniformly opposed.

(14) For a description of this stupendous subterranean temple consult Thevenot, Anquetil, Robertson, Pennant, &c. but especially Niebuhr.

And, as amid the gloom their forms dilate,
In the chill'd breast mysterious awe create.
When India saw Medina's crescent fail,
And the mild flame of Zion's star prevail,
Well might she hope the beam, which once had glow'd
To guide her sages[15] to the God's abode,
Would now, bright harbinger of peace! dispense
On her faint head its healing influence.
But ah! it rose in clouds: with sanguine glare
Ambition's comet fired the sickening air;
And, black exhaling from the putrid ground,
The mists of avarice heaven's blest radiance drown'd;
Breathed thick infection o'er the dawning day,
And quench'd the lustre of th' eternal ray.
'Tis past. Too long oppression's tyrant race
Have ground her children with their iron mace!
Too long has silence heard her whisper'd fears,
And glens impervious drank her flowing tears!
'Tis past. Her bosom stung with conscious shame,
Awaken'd Albion re-asserts her fame;
Inclines in pity to a groaning land,
Wrests the foul sceptre from the spoiler's hand;
And, greatly lavish in the glorious cause,
Grants with her Jones[16] her science and her laws—

(15) Matt. ii. 2.

(16) Of this extraordinary man—extraordinary in respect of talents, attainments, and virtues, singly perhaps unequalled, but assuredly never before so united, Mr. Gibbon (in cases of simple literature no mean commender) pronounced, that "he was equally familiar with the Year-books of Westminster, the Commentaries

Her JONES, high-gifted to fulfil her plan;
The friend of learning, freedom, truth, and man.
His were the stores of letter'd time, comprest
The mind of ages in a single breast;
The glance to catch, the patience to inquire,
The sage's temper and the poet's fire.
In him the wealth of Greece and Latium shone,
Their Themis, Clio, Erato, his own;
And his, reveal'd in all their dazzling hues,
The luscious charms of ASIA's florid Muse:
With her o'er Schiraz' roseate plain he roved,
Where Hafiz revell'd and where Sadi loved;
On Rocnabad's green marge delighted stray'd,
Heard her soft lute[17] in Mosellay's sweet shade:
Then pierced the mazy depths of Sanscrit lore,
While Brahmins own'd a light unseen before;
Bow'd to their master-pupil, and confest
With humbled brow the genius of the West[18].
But nobler cares are his: for human kind
He plies his restless energies of mind.

" of Ulpian, the Attic Pleadings of Isæus, and the Sentences of Arabian and " Persian Cadhis." From such a quarter we do not look for any panegyric upon his conscientious investigation and acceptance of Christianity.

(17) " The Lutanist Mirza Mahomed, from his sweetness called *Bulbul* (the " nightingale), in Sir WILLIAM JONES's hearing excited the emulation of his name-sake birds, in a grove near Schiraz." (PENNANT, *ib.*)

(18) " At a public *durbar*, a few days after his death, the Pundits could neither " restrain their tears for his loss, nor find terms to express their admiration at " the wonderful progress he had made in the sciences which they professed." (*Lord* TEIGNMOUTH's " *Life of Sir* WILLIAM JONES.")

Strung by that orb, beneath whose flaming ray
Inferiour natures crumble to decay,
With growing speed he presses to the goal,
And his fleet axles kindle as they roll.

'Twas his to bid admiring INDIA see,
In law[19], pure reason's ripen'd progeny:
Law, which in heaven and earth holds sovereign sway;
Whose rule the bad endure, the good obey;
Whose giant grasp o'er whirling spheres extends,
Whose tender hand the insect-speck befriends;
Her voice of quiring worlds th' harmonious mode,
And her high throne the bosom of her GOD.

Ah! short the blessing: of ætherial fire
One vivid burst, to lighten and expire!
In vain the Christian crown'd the learned name,
And boundless knowledge form'd his meaner fame:—
He falls: bewail'd from where Hydaspes laves
His sands of gold, to Thames's distant waves;
Isis and Ganges weep their sage's doom,
And mingle sorrows o'er his early tomb.
O stay your griefs, sad streams! On length of years
Rests not the age, which ruthless time reveres.
Ripe to his grave unspotted youth descends,
Though to his cheek the rose it's radiance lends;

(19) In 1794, Sir WILLIAM JONES published his translation of "The Ordinances of Menu," comprizing the Indian system of religious and civil duties. In the following lines the reader will recognize a feeble imitation of the sublime period of Hooker, which closes the first book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

And hoary folly ranks in childhood's train,
Taught to be wise by rolling suns in vain[20].

Nor all extinct he dies: from earth's low climes,
By frailties sullied or obscured by crimes,
To his own heaven resumed, o'er Asia's night
Still shall he shed his tutelary light;
Still kindred worth with rival zeal inspire,
And pour from Wellesley's urn transmitted fire:
Wellesley—his Eton's boast, his Oxford's pride,
Loved by each Muse, to every Grace allied;
Though still unsheathed his blazing faulchion waves,
And still fresh millions he subdues and saves;
His eye's soft beam still throws on learning's groves,
And fosters while he guards the arts he loves.

E'en now mid Hugli's groves the pile he rears,
Forms with his mind and with his presence cheers;
In gorgeous state the glittering turrets rise,
And brighter dawn illumes the Eastern skies.
There Brown, Buchanan[21] (name to learning dear)
Train the fair promise of the opening year:
From Granta's mart convey th' exhaustless store,
Her schools' ingenuous strife, her classic lore;
All that her Newton, all her Bentley taught,
Her Barrow's eloquence, her Bacon's thought;

(20) Wisd. iv. 8, 9.

(21) Provost and Vice-provost of the new College at Calcutta, both educated at Cambridge.

The precious cargo bear to India's strand,
And a new Granta decks the happy land.
Granta! the name wakes memory's softest tear:
O to my heart beyond all rival dear!
Dream of my night, and vision of my day,
Accept the homage of this grateful lay.
That I have friends, my throbbing bosom's pride,
That love for me his fillet threw aside;
That round my hearth his tenderest pledges shine,
That home and peace and competence are mine:
To thee, next heaven, I owe: and should the strain,
Which now I raise, thy favouring plaudit gain;
Thou gavest the lyre from which the music springs,
Thou gavest the art to sweep it's sounding strings.

Return, my Muse: for lo! where o'er the main
Returning Science eastward leads her train—
Law, nurse and guardian of each useful art;
Honour, pure sovereign of the noble heart;
Blithe Industry, who whistles at his plough;
And Freedom, choisest gift her hands bestow.
Loud o'er the champaign bursts the ryut's song,
And rustic echoes the glad note prolong;
As o'er his rice-field's floating verdure thrown,
His gay parterres and woodland's podded down[22].

(22) Rice, opium, and cotton, supply the chief employment and support to the peasantry of Hindostan. Hodges represents the manufacturer as setting up his light loom every morning in the cool shade, and taking it home with him in the evening.

His eye ascends to heaven with glistening gleam,
Joy tunes his tongue, and Albion is his theme:
Albion, who now each selfish care resign'd,
And all her glories flashing on her mind,
Now that the foe high lifts his blood-stained brand,
And law and freedom hang upon her hand,
Rides proudly buoyant o'er her own blue wave,
And what she bled to win would die to save.

Beneath th' o'er-arching banyan's hallow'd gloom,
The swarthy artist plies his dexterous loom;
Light through it's filmy maze the shuttle springs,
Nor deigns to touch the gossamery strings:
The slender form vests more than Coan[23] grace,
And half seduce the eye from beauty's face.

The glance of Science, lo! fresh cares demand,
And wants and woes entreat her soothing hand.
With patient toil on each new scene she pores,
Each lonely dell, each tangled brake explores;
Dauntless the death-snake's[24] dreary haunt invades,
Led by her own effulgence through the shades:
Then, where with hues unprofitably gay
Superba reddens in the blaze of day,
Her subtlest spell bids Chemia there apply,
From the deep fibre wring it's hoarded dye;

(23) "————*Cois tibi penè videre est,*
*Ut nudam.*"——— (Hor. Sat. I. ii. 101.)

(24) This most fatal reptile (the *Cobra de morte*) is said, perhaps fancifully, to have upon it's head the marks of a scull and two cross-bones. (Pennant, *ib.*)

O'er the fine web the blushing tincture shed,
And gird with richer wreaths her India's head.
Where long it lurk'd, withdrawn from day's fierce glare,
Bids Medicine thence the wholesome simple bear;
From the coy root extort it's liquid health,
And bribe stern death with vegetable wealth.

On Delhi's plain, or where by Agra's towers
His foaming urn cœrulean Jumna pours,
(As erst on Sunium's point) some Plato stands,
With virtue's magic charms th' ingenuous bands;
Points to the fair, and good, and brave, and free,
And bids them view, and emulate, and be:
Through each young vein the tingling ardour glows,
And all Ilissus into Ganges flows.

Her too the social charities attend;
The foe she softens, and endears the friend.
—What wretch art thou, those desert wilds among,
Whose fearful footsteps shun the human throng?
Who fly'st to forests, exiled from thy kind,
And all thy youth's best transports left behind?
Ah! by those streaming tears I know thee now,
And the despair that sits upon thy brow,
Devoted Paria[25]! outcast of thy race,
Thrown shivering from thy fellows' fond embrace;

(25) Of the dreadful exclusion of these unhappy beings from society, a striking exemplification is given by St. Pierre, in his "*Chaumière Indienne.*" Their very shadow, in the estimation of the purer Hindu, literally pollutes what it passes over; and, if they happen to touch one of the Nayrs, or old nobles of Malabar (of the Khatre caste) they are not unfrequently cut down by his sword.

Like a blue plague-spot, hapless thing! abhorr'd;
Thy touch pollution, and thy doom the sword!
Yet thee, even thee, shall heavenly Science greet,
Pierce with her sun-bright beams thy dark retreat;
Restore the blameless joys that once were thine,
And close without a cloud thy late decline.
Yes—thou again the bosom's glow shalt prove,
The hand of friendship and the lip of love;
Thee shall the village-cot protect from harms,
And Brahmins clasp thee with fraternal arms.
Nor these th' illusions of poetic land,
Whose airy splendours mock the grasping hand.
Where Bhâgulpour uplifts her front sublime,
See to her topmost summits CLEVELAND[26] climb;
Call from their craggy dens her savage swarm,
With learning polish, with affection warm;
Bid through their souls the flame ætherial thrill,
And mould their melting natures to his will.
Her tints contentment to the scene applies,
And the waste desert blooms a paradise.
But chief Religion, venerable maid,
Raptured repairs where first her footsteps stray'd,
When down to earth she came, an angel guest;
And man, yet pure, her genial presence blest.

(26) "*Is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis*
*Composuit, legesque dedit.*"——

This Gentleman, who died in 1783, civilized the savages of his district chiefly by trusting himself amongst them unarmed, stating his benevolent purpose, and making occasional presents to their wives and children. (HODGES, and PENN. *ib.*)

On guilt's dark brow her glittering cross appears,
His sullied cheek is wash'd with pious tears;
And Ganges, hallow'd still for holier ends,
Death-stream no more[27], his wave baptismal lends.

E'en now from yonder strand I see them move,
The mild evangelists of peace and love.
Unstain'd with Afric's blood, they bend their prows
Where in his fiery belt Dahomey glows;
Hoist round the stormy Cape their straining sail,
From Yemen's mountains woo the fragrant gale,
And bear (strange merchandize!) to Asia's shore
The Gospel's bright imperishable ore:
Unsold to deal it's unbought wealth[28], their plan;
Their traffic, to redeem the soul of man.
To check their eager march, Tibetian snows
And Caggar's sands their trackless wilds oppose:
Onward they press at duty's sacred call,
O'er Decan's ghauts and China's northern wall;
Stretch uncontroll'd their Saviour's gentle reign,
And art and nature bar their way in vain.
On mosques where late the lurid crescent shone,
On pagods rear'd to shrine an idol-stone—
Seringham's walls, spread many an acre o'er,
And the proud domes of gorgeous Gazipour[29]—

(27) It is one of the objects of Hindu superstition, to be carried (if possible), when expiring, to the banks of the Ganges.

(28) Matt. x. 8. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

(29) For a description of this immense pagoda, see Craufurd's "*Sketches*," Vol. I. p. 108, note.—The mosque of Gazipour is the pride of Mahometan religious architecture.

Her banner'd cross victorious Albion waves,
Beneath that symbol strikes, beneath that symbol saves.

O beauteous queen! O dear-loved mother-isle!
Thine is each gallant aim, each gen'rous toil.
For thee, while Fame her wreath of am'ranth twines,
And with her palm thy native oak combines,
The succour'd orphan lisps his little prayer,
And the slave's shackles crumble in thine air.
With what delight thy winding shores I tread,
Catch thy white sails by busy Commerce spread,
With labouring gaze ascend thy rocky steeps,
Or hear thy thunder bellowing o'er the deeps—
Heaven knows: and, hung th' event on vow of mine,
Thy cloudless sun should never know decline.
Hold then thy high career: while France essays,
With low intrigue, to crop thy well-won bays;
And mask'd in traffic's or religion's robe,
Merchant or preacher, traverses the globe;
To shake thee, proof in Europe to alarms,
On Asia's plains with Holkar's faithless arms:
Pursue thy glorious course. Be this thy art,
Not to corrupt, but meliorate the heart:
Where'er mankind in gentile darkness lie,
Instruction's blessed radiance to supply;
O'er the oppress'd soft mercy's dews to shed,
And crush with ruin the oppressor's head.

O haste your tardy coming, days of gold,
Long by prophetic minstrelsy foretold!
Where yon bright purple streaks the orient skies,
Rise Science, Freedom, Peace, Religion, rise!
'Till, from Tanjore to farthest Samarcand,
In one wide lustre bask the glowing land;
And, (Brahma from his guilty greatness hurl'd
With Mecca's Lord,) MESSIAH rule the world!

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## ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ.

Πραξίων ἄλις χθονίων· μὲ θῦμος
ὀρνύει νῦν θειότερόν τιν' ὕμνον
ἢ πάρος μέλπειν· ἑκὰς, ὦ βέβαλαι,
ἐστὲ λαχοῖσαι

νάματος τᾶς Κασταλίας· σὲ, δῖον,
προσκαλοῦμαι, Πνεῦμα, τὺ δ' αὖ κάτειβε
θεύμορον φέγγος φρεσίν· εὔπτερος γὰρ
εὖτε πέλεια,

ζωφύτω θάλπει προσέθης ἀβύσσω
κόλπον ὀρφναίας, ἀνέμων ἀέλλαις
πανσυδὲι κλονούμενον. Ἀπύει θε-
-όσσυτος ὀμφὰ,

"Φῶς γενέσθω·" καὶκ μυχάτων ἔλαμψεν
ἵκταρ ἀκτὶς ἑπταπόρος, πτερωτὸν
ὡς νόημα, σπερχομένα μάλ' αἰθέ-
ρος διὰ μέσσω·

οὐ γὰρ ἦν τόθ' Ἅλιος. Ὡς ἀνάρχω
ἕτρεσ' ἐξ ἀρχᾶς Χάος, ὡς τέθαπε
προσβλέπων λαμπρὸν θάλος· ὥς τε θάμβει
Νὺξ ἐρεβεννὰ

δυσφόρω πλαγεῖσα μέγ' ἐπτοάθη,
διχθὰ κόσμον μειραμένα. Τί δ' αὖτις
ἐστ' ἰδέσθαι θαῦμα ποταίνιον; τίς
λάμπεται αἴγλα

πομφαής; κόσμω περιηγὲς ὄμμα
ἐκπέφυκας, Ἅλιε· τῷ νεοίκω
πανδόκον φάεος τέμενος Θεός σ' ἔ-
θηκε πρόφαντον.

Ἓκ σεθεν γὰρ ἀπλανέες πλανᾶται
ἀμφὶ δινεῦντες στροφάλιγγας αἰὲν
ἀντλέουσ' ἐν κάλπισι* χρυσέαις γά-
νος γλυκυδερκὲς

* Vid. Milt. *Parad. Amiss.* Lib. vii. l. 363.

φέγγεος. Σᾶς πίδακος ἐξαφύσσει
χεύμαθ' Ἑρμᾶς ὠκυπέτης, ἐλίσσων
πλασίον τευ τὸν δρόμον· Ἀφροδίτα τ'
ἀργυρόπεζα·

ἠδ' Ἄρης τὰν πορφυρέαν ἀνάπτει
δᾷδα· μάτηρ τ' ὀλβιόδωρος Αἶα,
χἀ βοῶπις ἀμφίπολος Σελάνα,
νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα,

χερσὶν ἄψορρον διέποισ' ἀδάλαις
πόντον, ἐκπίνει καθαρὰν ἔέρσαν·
τὶν δ' εὐζώνος Βασιλεὺς πέλωρος
ἄψοφον ἴχνος

προσπελάσδει· ζωσάμενος φαεννὰν
ὁρκάνην μίτραν Κρόνος ὃν παρέλκει
νωχελεῖ στίβον ποδί, σύν θ' ὅμιλος
χλωρὸς ὀπαδῶν·

ὡρανῶ τ' ἄγαλμα νέον, πτυχαῖσιν
ἐσχάταις φρουρός περ ἐών, πρόσωθεν
λαμπάδ' αἰωρεῖ, τὸ κλυτῶ Βρετάννων
ἄστρον ἄνακτος.

Τὶν πυρὸς πλεκτῶ πλοκάμως Κομάτας
ἐκτινάσσων, ἀχλύος ἐξ ἀπείρω
ἐσχάρας τεᾶς θεράπων* ἐλαύνει
νόστιμον ἅρμα.

Οὐδὲ μὰν, λαμπρός περ ἐὼν, διοικεῖς
Ἄλιε, σκᾶπτον μόνος· οὐργάτης γὰρ
ὠρανῶ τόνδ' εὐτρέπισεν χιτῶνα
ἀστερόεντα,

ταινίαν† τ' ἀμφ' ἀργυφέαν ἔδησεν
εὐπρεπῆ τῶν πρεσβυτέρων‡ γραφαῖσι
τειρέων· τί χρή με λέγειν Βοώταν,
Πληϊάδας τε,

Σειριόν‖ τ' ἰοπλόκαμον; τί δ' Ἄρκτως
ὑδάτων φυλασσομένας; τί δ' ὄρνιν§
χείματος μάντιν στυγερὸν, Λύρας τε
διπλόον** αὐγὰν,

* "Cometa potest in Solem incidere. Sic etiam stellæ fixæ, quæ paulatim expirant in lucem et vapores, cometis in ipsas incidentibus refici possunt, et novo alimento accensæ pro stellis novis haberi." Newton. *Princip. Mathem.* Tom. III. Lib. iii. Prop. 42. Prob. 22.

† Via Lactea.

‡ Sol, ut Herschelio videtur, juventutis certiora dat indicia, quam magna stellarum pars. Vid. *Philos. Trans.* 1796. p. 185.

‖ Sirius violaceo subrubet colore.

§ Vid. Arat. *Phæn.* v. 314.

** Pleraque in constellatione Lyrâ sidera e duabus stellis videntur composita.

ἀστέρων θ' ὁμάγυριν οὐρανοῦχον
μυρίων; τοὺς δ' οὔτις ἅπαντας εἰπεῖν
ἢ μαθεῖν οἷός τε· τί γάρ; πέφευγε
ψάμμος ἀριθμόν.

Αὐταὶ εἱμαρται θεόθεν τελευταὶ
νυκτιφοίτων παντὶ χορῷ· σὲ δ', αὐγᾶν
ὦ πάτερ γενέθλιε, καλλιφεγγῆ
καίπερ ἐόντα,

καίπερ ἀνθεῦντ' ἐν νεότατος ἀκμᾷ,
φεῦ, νέφος λάθας ἀτέκμαρτον ἐχθρᾶς
ἐμβατεύσει· κουροβόρος Χρόνος σὺν
χερσὶν ἀφύκτοις

σὸν κατασβέσει σέλας· ἔσσεταί ποκ',
ἆμος Ἀοῦς ἐκ αἰῶν ἰωᾶς
ὡς πρὶν, ὑπνώσεις ζοφόεντ' ὀλέθρῳ
νήγρετον ὕπνον.

Ποῖ φρενοπληγὴς φέρομαι πτεροῖσιν
ὑψιφοίτοις Φαντασίας; κέλευθα
ἀστιβῆ θνατοῖσι λιπὼν, προθύμως
γᾶν καταβαίνω.

Πόντιος βυθῶ θόρυβος πέπαυται,
φαίνεταί τε χθὼν βιόδωρος, ἀβρῶν
ἐκπεδάσδοισα προπάροιθε κόλπων
ἄνθεα ποίας

μαλθακᾶς· κρόκω θυόεσσ' ἔθειρα
βλαστάνει· τὰς πορφυρέας ἀνοίγει
εὔπνοον πτύχας ῥόδον· εἴαρος πάνθ'
ἁδέα θάλλει,

πομφόρω Γαίας τέκεα, σπορητὰ
ἐν λοχεύμασιν καλύκων· ἐλαία
ἄμβροτον στάσδει δρόσον, ἀμπέλω τ' ἐ-
υπλεκὲς ἔρνος.

Ἠνίδ' ἐμψύχων ἀνάριθμον ἔθνος
Γᾶ λοχεύει· καρχαρόδους τινάσσων
δάσκιον λεὼν λοφίαν, βιβᾷ κατ'
ἄλσος ἔραμον.

Νεβρὸς ἐν τρυφαῖς χλοεραῖσι παίσδει
ἐμμανεῖ σκιρτήματι· χ' ὠ δαφοινὸς
αἰόλας ὄφις φολίδας κυλίνδει·
οἱ δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν

γλῶσσα συρίσδει φόνον· οἱ δ' ἀπ' ὄσσων
ἀστραπαίων σμερδαλέον φλέγει πῦρ.
Ἐργμάτων δ', ἄνθρωπε, Θεός σε καλλιστ-
τεύματ' ἔπλασσε.

Τὶν μόνω τὸ σκαπτοφόρον δέδωκε
κῦδος ἀρχᾶς, ἰσόθεόν τε μορφάν·
τὶν γελάσσασ' ἰμερόεν ποθατὰ
δῶρα προτείνει

ἀ Φύσις θέλοισα· μάταν· ἀπιστῶν
ἐντολαῖσιν, εὐφροσύνας ἀλᾶται·
ἐκγόνως ἄδ' ἀμπλακία πιέσδει·
οὐκέτ' ἄγευστος

τοῖς βροτοῖς αἰὼν παθέων· δεήσεις
τί σθένοντι χειροτόνοι, τί δ' αὐγαὶ
δακρύων ἠλεκτροφαεῖς ἀμύνειν
πότμον ἄποτμον;

Ἐλπὶς αἰθύσσει φρένας· οὐ φάτις * πω
ἦν ἄκραντος· αὖτις ἔλαμψε γᾶρυς,
"Φῶς γενέσθω·" χ' ὡ Θεὸς ἐσκέδασσε
νύκτα μέλαιναν,

* Vid. *Gen.* c. iii. v. 15.

ἄμβροτον πορῶν φάος· ὑψίθωκος
πημάτων λυτήριος ἦνθεν ὥναξ,
ἀθλίοισιν ὠφανόθεν βροτοῖς εὐ-
ἄγγελος ἦνθεν

ἃ χάρις ζωθάλμιος ἐκλύοισα
δυσλύτως δεσμῶς θανάτω. Τρόπαιον
ποῦ ποκα στάσεις, ἄϊδα; τεὸς ποῦ
πικρὸς οἴστός;

# MOSES

## VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.

A

SEATONIAN PRIZE POEM.

BY

*THE REV. CHARLES HOYLE, M.A.*

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DESPEXIT TERRAS PENITUS PENITUSQUE JACENTES.

*CAMBRIDGE:*

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1804.

WE, the Underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward, for the Year 1804, to the Rev. CHARLES HOYLE, M.A. of *Trinity College*, for his Poem on MOSES VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND; and direct the said Poem to be printed, according to the tenor of the Will.

M. DAVY, Vice-Chancellor.
J. TORKINGTON, Master of Clare Hall.

*Cambridge,*
*Nov.* 2, 1804.

# MOSES VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.

*Despexit terras penitus penitusque jacentes.*

NEBO, and thou the consecrated top
Of Pisgah, hail! hail, cloud-capt pinnacles,
By mortal tread inviolate, or by haunt
Of bestial kind, though facile in ascent
To whom Omnipotence devoted leads
For sacrifice! Wild regions; yet to me
Nor waste nor solitary, who discern
Celestial presence here, while radiant choirs
Of Cherubim with gratulation cheer
My parting soul. O mountains! and ye vales,
That, orient stretch'd in longitude, salute
Approaching day, your fields and spicy groves,
On which I ling'ring gaze, these closing eyes

Shall see no more. Thou too, the fatal Rock
Of Meribah, contention rightly call'd,
Sad monument of my offence, receive
This last farewell: thy rugged sides I smote
Misdoubting, till the gushing stream reprov'd
My causeless fear, and impious, that arraign'd
Eternal mercy: whence the just decree,
That never may this foot unblest pollute
The Promis'd Land. Here consummation waits
My pilgrimage, yet gives me to behold
The rich inheritance of old confirm'd
To Abraham's progeny; whose goodly tents,
And tabernacles fair, th' unwilling son
Of Beor erst by revelation nam'd,
Blessed of God. For ever blessed they,
Who in the shadow of Jehovah's power
Faithful abide. To thee my soul aspires,
Creator of all worlds! propitious hear
Thy suppliant; and with arm invincible,
Through death's mysterious gates, and vale obscure,
Conduct to mansions of unfading light,
Where everlasting hallelujahs fill
Heaven's concave, and the plenitude of joy
Triumphant in thy presence ever reigns.

So spake the patriarch, whose uplifted rod
Midway had cleft the billows and the storm
Of Erythrean deeps; who forty years
Had led, and nourish'd in the wilderness,
Rebellious Israel. Twice twelve lustres now
His flowing locks had silver'd; yet with eye
Unclouded, and with unabated force,
He scal'd the rocky steeps, his place ordain'd
Of flight to Paradise. Not wav'ring he
In faith, nor in unmanly fears dissolv'd,
(The Rabbins' vain surmise,) but arm'd secure
In penitential hope, and well prepar'd
For dissolution nigh. Thus not alone,
Though single, but with thoughts accompanied
Of unimaginable joy sublime,
He prest the mountain summit, and survey'd
The wide spread tents beneath of Isaac's seed,
Whitening the plain. With tears of parting love,
And arms uplifted, fervent he pronounc'd
His vows paternal, and the pastoral prayer
Of benediction; then, far-gazing round,
Bewilder'd in delight awhile remain'd;
So vast, so various, beautiful and gay,
The prospect show'd: Here pleasant woods and dales,

Where half-disclos'd, half-viewless, many a stream,
In sweet mæanders ling'ring, silent draws
His silver train: here sunny lawns supine,
Where flocks and herds innumerable graze
The tender blade: here upland arable,
With golden harvest rich: here loftiest hills,
Darken'd with morning clouds, their swelling breast
With crags and purple heath diversified,
And torrent cataracts of misty foam
And thund'ring sound; while westward, distant seen
Along th' horizon blue, old Ocean spreads
His ample wave: Here Jordan's cleansing flood,
By Gilgal; there expanse of waters calm,
An inland sea, in after times the bed
Of navies tall: Nor wanted, vineyards, groves,
And works of busy art, majestic fane
Or palace, clust'ring hamlet, lonely tower,
And goodly cities, whose proud battlements
Ascend to heaven. While thus stood Amram's son,
Deep silence chain'd the winds; a sacred calm
All nature hush'd; huge Nebo to his base
Shook without sound; of present Deity
Undoubted sign: when, lo, a still small voice
To dread communion thus the Prophet calls:—

"Peace be upon thee! never-changing peace
Thy labours crown! From frail mortality
Soon disencumber'd, shall thy spirit soar
To its empyreal throne. Meantime receive
Thy latest earthly wish; and, looking round
To the four winds, in smiling circuit view
The Promis'd region, fraught with mineral store,
Flowing with milk and honey; nor surpast
By ought terrestrial, save the garden bliss
Of primal Eden. Nor alone admire
Extent of land and water; but discern
The future habitants: for on thy sight
Are pictur'd years to come, and in thine ears
Familiar sound of person and of place,
Names yet unknown; while to remotest bounds
Of Israel's heritage, thy visual orbs,
Bath'd in the well of life, ken unconfin'd.
Lo, to the west and south the valiant sons
Of Naphthali o'er nineteen cities hold
Dominion, and with large prosperity
Replenish'd reign. Unstable Reuben dwells
On this side Jordan, in ignoble ease
Reclin'd, and list'ning to the bleating flocks;
But slow to bold emprize. Next him the tribe

Of Gad, for equity and justice fam'd,
With Machir's seed divided empire claim
O'er Gilead. Ephraim, stretching to the sea
His branches, in supreme and palmy state
Exalted, blooms: So on the favour'd head
Of Joseph, sever'd once by causeless ire
From his injurious brethren, precious dews
Of heaven, and treasures of the depths beneath,
And blessings numberless, all plenty pour,
Felicity, and wealth, and jubilee
Of strength victorious. Asher dips his foot
In purest oil; and with parental love
His smiling progeny to stately Tyre
And flowery Carmel leads. Zebūlun wields
His thirsty falchion; and the crested pride
Of Sisera, and of Jabin, Canaan's king,
Sinks to the dust: While peaceful Issachar,
In tributary sloth content resides,
Peopling a fertile land. O'er narrow bounds
Indignant leaping, Dan from Bashan's hill
Springs as a lion's whelp; unwelcome guest
To Leshem, whose embattled towers confess
Resistance vain. In borrow'd strength secure,
Simeon, beneath defence of Judah's shield,

Contented sleeps. But Benjamin exults
In mailed might: Behold him, as the voice
Of Jacob erst declar'd, to deeds of war
Impetuous haste; at earliest morning rous'd
To din of conflict, furious to devour
The trembling prey; nor till the shades of night
Arrest his rage, content to seek repose,
Recount his conquest, and divide the spoil.
Last, Judah dwells from Ekron to the verge
Of Edom, and from yon asphaltic lake
Westward to th' ocean stream: from age to age
He gathers strength, and from the Jebusite
A mountain wins, whereon the sacred domes
Of fair Jerusalem shall glorious rise
In sanctitude august; within whose courts
The long array of Levi's hallow'd sons
Adoring bends, while Aaron's priestly line
O'er worship and o'er sacrifice preside.
So royal Judah, in dilated might,
Superior stands; and, giant-like, bestrides
The prostrate Philistine; or, couching, lies
In lion-slumber, 'neath the vineyards' shade,
Mid lowing herds, beside the murm'ring stream:
And who shall wake him from his dread repose? —
Thus hast thou seen the long-foretold domain,

Jeshurun's lot, where overshadowing might
Of Spirit Divine from generation dwells
To generation; ever sure defence
Of Israel, once a feeble stranger known
Midst hospitable Egypt; next opprest
With toil, and servitude's more galling chain,
Disconsolate, despairing; till redeem'd
By the right hand of Power: now as the stars
Of heaven in multitude, and as the flame
Driven by tempestuous winds, in ruin vast
Devouring hosts and kingdoms. At rebuke
Of one a thousand flee; and nations arm'd
Flee at rebuke of five. Look, and prepare
For signs portentous, evidence and seal
Of aid concomitant, o'erruling power,
In succour swift, that still with conquest leads
Thy brethren militant from realm to realm,
Till all their wand'rings, all their wars, subside,
In full possession, and in peace secure.

" See first the horned might of Jordan's flood,
Swoln by autumnal rains, in deluge foam
O'er all his banks, and passage wish'd deny
To Abraham's race; till in their front advanc'd
The consecrated Ark, by Levite hands

With rev'rence borne, their dubious footsteps guides,
And through the storm of adverse element
Prepares their way: See how the downward flood,
As smitten with annihilation, bares
A broad highway; while backward driven above,
The torrent surges pil'd in liquid wall,
O'erarch'd impend, and safe the myriads tread
The path profound: till, from the further shore,
With awful adoration they behold
The fetter'd waters with permissive haste,
And renovated might, their course resume.
A warning sign (could warning signs impede
The sinner's fate) to yonder walls condemn'd,
Of Jericho, in martial pride that frown,
Girt with luxuriant palms, well-water'd shades,
Where mirth voluptuous, sensual sloth reside,
Till scar'd by din of arms and peril nigh,
As round the hostile city Israel winds
His long procession. Hark! the trumpets' clang,
And pealing shouts, denouncing instant woe
To Canaan's sons: lo, smitten without hands,
The towers and massy wall (impregnable
How fondly deem'd) in sudden thunder fall
With prodigy of ruin, shaking earth,
And dark'ning air! Thy kindred host ascend

Wide-wasting; universal havoc reigns;
And soon the guilty mansions disappear,
Plough'd by the vengeful sword, and wrapt in fire.

" The mountain Amorites' unwieldly war
Five monarchs lead: their pageant state behold,
Their pomp barbaric, chariots, horsemen, arms,
As vultures fierce, as locusts numberless,
Ravening as wolves! See Nave's son oppos'd,
Confiding in his God, intrepid wage
Unequal war, and not in vain confide:
For panic-struck, the foe by Gibeon flies
Discomfited, and whirlwinds of dire hail,
Light'ning and tempest, mingling in the fight,
Blast the pale fugitives. Receives thine ear
That potent voice, or knows th' accustom'd sound?
'Tis Joshua bids. 'Thou sun, on Gibeah stand;
Thou in the vale of Ajalon, O moon!'
The sun descends not, and the moon stands still,
Obedient; till with battle and pursuit
Satiate, Jeshurun's host his wrongs avenge.

" But now with conquest and with plenty crown'd,
In full fruition, careless ease unmann'd;
Revolted Israel, of Jehovah's might

Forgetful, woos, with alienated heart,
Idolatries, abominations foul,
Of neighbouring foes, and, justly to the scourge
Of Amalek and Midian sold, deplores
A land impoverish'd, and the ling'ring pains
Of famine and disease: contrition bends
Each stubborn knee, and late repentance mourns
On every tongue;—nor Heaven disdains to hear.
See from Manasseh the deliverer spring,
Undaunted Gideon: he by night destroys
The grove of Baal, next by trumpet calls
The sons of Abiezer: Naphthali,
Zebūlun, Asher, and Manasseh, join
His rustic banners, ardent all, and bold
In freedom's cause. Yet not to these is given
The victory, lest presumptuous man ascribe
To mortal arm the glory ever due
To God Most High: three hundred men alone,
A chosen band, by heaven-appointed sign
Predestin'd to subdue, in silent march
To Midian's camp, Jerubbaal darkling leads:
He comes, he sees, he conquers; fear confounds
The rout idolatrous, where wild uproar
Spreads uncontroll'd; against his fellow each
Uplifts the sword; and universal flight,

In shame, despair, perdition beyond cure,
Their hope confounds: He onward drives the storm
Of slaughter; Zeba and Zalmunna slain,
Oppression baffled, Israel's peace restor'd,
Reward his labours and attest his fame.

"Whom seest thou next? a stripling, ruddy, fair,
Unarm'd, unaided? He with sling and stone
Subdues the vaunting giant, and illumes
With warlike joy, and leads to victory,
Desponding Israel: he mature in age,
And exercis'd in suffering, shall assume
His destin'd eminence, in Hebron hail'd
Anointed King. Yon spot remote behold,
Baal-perazim: there his fury smites
The Philistines, auspicious presage given
Of long prosperity: wide he extends
His royalties, and still the throne adorns
With piety and mercy. Lov'd and fear'd,
Twice twenty years with equitable hand
He sways the sceptre: then in peace repose
His ashes, but his name lives evermore.

"In wealth, in power, tranquillity, and fame,
His mightier son, high-favour'd Solomon,

Serene in strength, and dreadful without war,
Reigns jubilant: in knowledge peerless he,
With proverb, meditation, holy song,
Exalts the soul; while o'er his laws preside
Truth uncorrupt, integrity severe,
By keen discernment led. With lustrous train
See Sheba's queen, to prove his wisdom, come;
And kings from every realm, admiring, hear
His varied eloquence; admiring, view
Magnificence and regal state, profuse
Beyond compare. Memorial of his zeal,
The temple tow'rs, a sculptur'd city gay,
Of marble, cedar, gold. Observe the Feast
Of Dedication, where, in lucent cloud,
Spher'd visible, the Glory of the Lord
Dazzles the courts, and dwells within the veil.

"And now to Heaven alone (for nought can earth
Of equal boast) turn heart and eye and soul.
What greater KING, what brighter habitant,
In latter days from princely Judah born,
The Serpent's victor, Bethlehem's Morning Star,
Must Israel rule, and in the temple shine,
Futurity shall tell; while earth redeem'd,
And heaven rejoicing, wonder and adore."

The voice no more is heard: yet list'ning still,
In trance extatic, Moses feebly lifts
His palsied hands, death's damp and chill embrace
Convulsing every nerve; thick darkness seals
Each eyeball, and his vigorous feet confess
Total decrepitude: never to rise
Till storm and thunder and the trump of God
All nations of the grave to judgement call,
He prostrate sinks; yet unimpair'd retains
Meek resignation, faith, seraphic love,
Hope antedating heaven: in speechless praise,
Thanksgiving, prayer, dissolving life expires:
When straight a mighty warrior (such his charge),
Michael, of arch-angelic thrones the prime,
Solemn descends; at whose imperial voice
Attendant Cherubim, on gorgeous wings,
The sacred corpse upbear to secret vale
Of sepulture; where reverently inhum'd,
In tomb for ever hid from search profane,
The man of God in Moab's conscious dust
For resurrection waits. Ethereal harps,
And hymns ethereal, thus the requiem sing:—

"Prophet and Saint, of God and man belov'd,
Judge of the race elect: thy memory,

By long regret and grateful praise embalm'd,
From father still to son transmitted down
In parable and song, shall record bear
To latest time, and by example teach
Hebrew and Gentile: such the privilege
Of virtue, whose pure essence no decay
Nor dim eclipse can change; more durable
Than adamantine rock; than mid-day sun
More glorious and serene. To highest deeds
Predestin'd from the womb, thy pensive youth
Convers'd with knowledge, fathoming all depths
Of human lore; yet hung'ring and athirst
For heavenly wisdom, and with stedfast heart,
'Mid peril and temptation and dismay,
Adoring Jacob's God. A mortal arm,
Vicegerent o'er inferior spheres ordain'd,
Astonish'd angels saw, when thy rebuke
Spread anguish, desolation, and despair,
O'er Egypt's confines; and through baffled waves
Of ocean led, as through the wilderness,
The fugitives of Goshen. On the mount
Of Sinai, whose foundations shook, whose top
Was lost in smoke and fire, while Seraphim
At distance gaz'd, full forty days and nights,

Guest of terrestrial mould, didst thou sojourn
Within the dread pavilion and the veil
Of cloud and tempest; there, as face to face,
In visions of beatitude rejoice,
Past utt'rance, till thy countenance imbib'd
Transcendent splendors. As on outspread plume
The parent eagle bears her callow young,
Instructs, defends them; so, by Heaven's command,
Through the waste howling desert hast thou led,
Through heat and cold, through weary pilgrimage,
Through violence and war, to Jordan's banks,
Th' inheritors of Canaan. Great thy toils,
And faithful thine obedience: now reward
Succeeds; and on thy soul imparadis'd
The crown of glory and the excess of joy
Immeasureably show'rs down. But Israel mourns
Through all his tribes, and comfort scarce receives
From dearest hope; though long-expected realms
Invite his grasp, and instant promises
To glad possession, wealth, and conquest, call.
Lament not Israel: in his hallowed Law
Thy monitor surviving, yet proclaims
Creative majesty, sustaining love,
And counsels of salvation, oracles

Of immortality, which who frequents
Inherits light and life; and from the mount
Of Faith, the spiritual Pisgah, views
His destin'd patrimony, (where no pain
Intrudes, where sin and sorrow never dwell,)
Celestial Canaan: thence conceiving strength,
Onward he moves, refulgent in the vest
Of righteousness, in panoply all arm'd
Of piety and truth: through famine, sword,
And persecution, dauntless; to the glare
Of guilty power, to thousand blandishments,
Wealth, honour, luxury, careless and unmov'd;
And spotless from the world. The widow's eye
Beholds him, and bears witness; orphans hear,
And bless his name. As evening sacrifice
His prayers arise; nor less at early dawn
And thoughtful noon, like incense clouds, perfume
Heaven's altars, and the sanctuary divine.
In poverty content, in affluence meek,
In health in sickness mindful of thy God,
(Whom ever-fearing, thou canst fear no ill,)
Blest fellow-servant, to th' eternal hills
Thou tread'st the way, and, willing guardians, we
Thy steps attend: palms incorruptible

Wait thee from murky chambers of the tomb,
Rising, with acclamation, to salute
Thy kindred saints, and without end extol,
In bliss ineffable, the SAVIOUR's name."

with the C.V. Le Grice's Comp

A

# SERMON

PREACHED AT

CHRIST-CHURCH,

BEFORE THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR,

THE ALDERMEN,

AND

GOVERNORS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITALS
OF THE CITY OF LONDON,

ON ST. MATTHEW'S DAY,

SATURDAY, THE 21ST OF SEPTEMBER, 1805.

BY CHARLES VALENTINE LE GRICE, M.A.

LONDON:

PRINTED (BY COMMAND) IN THE YEAR 1805;

BY ANN RIVINGTON, ST. JOHN'S-SQUARE, CLERKENWELL,

PRINTER TO CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE PETER PERCHARD,

LORD MAYOR,

THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

SIR JOHN WILLIAM ANDERSON, BARONET,

PRESIDENT,

THE WORSHIPFUL JAMES PALMER, ESQUIRE,

TREASURER,

AND THE

GOVERNORS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL,

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE

FOR A CLERICAL EDUCATION RECEIVED UNDER THEIR CARE,

THIS SERMON,

PRINTED BY THEIR DESIRE,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR MOST OBLIGED

AND DEVOTED HUMBLE SERVANT

HAMMERSMITH,
OCT. 3. 1805.

CHARLES VALENTINE LE GRICE.

## MARK xvi. 17.

### THESE SIGNS SHALL FOLLOW THEM THAT BELIEVE.

THIS declaration is contained in the addreſs, which our Saviour made to the Eleven, as they ſat at meat; and the Signs to which He alludes are the miracles, which He had wrought as teſtimonies of His divine miſſion, and which He gave His diſciples authority and power to work in their propagation of His Goſpel. The Signs, which He adopted, are emblems of the religion, which He diffuſed: His Revelation is a covenant of mercy, and the teſtimonies, by which it was confirmed, all partake of the ſame divine attribute. The Old Covenant, by which a ſelect portion of mankind were bleſſed with a partial revelation of God's will, was promulgated with Signs of terror. The Lord ſaid unto Moſes, "If they "will not believe alſo theſe two Signs, neither hearken "unto thy voice, that thou ſhalt take of the water of "the river, and pour it upon the dry land, and the "water,

" water, which thou takeſt out of the river, ſhall become " blood." The enlarged diſpenſation of the New Covenant, the Evangelical Law of Love, was confirmed by miracles of a different deſcription; by miracles, which correſpond with the ſpirit and intent of the revelation itſelf, and which breathe the ſame love and ſweetneſs as the religion, whoſe authority they were intended to atteſt.

He, who could have called down legions of Angels to his aid, who could have made his Angels ſpirits, and his miniſters a flaming fire, did not call down ſuch ſpeedy and irreſiſtible executors of his power, ſuch terrible witneſſes that it was HE THAT SHOULD COME; but ſaid, " Go and tell John thoſe things, which ye do hear and " ſee: the blind receive their ſight, and the lame walk; " the lepers are cleanſed, and the deaf hear; the dead " are raiſed up, and the poor have the Goſpel preached " unto them."—The firſt Law was engraven on tables of ſtone; the ſecond on the heart of man. The ſanction of the firſt was Fear, of the ſecond Love. The firſt offered only temporal rewards, and taught man, who was then in his infancy, only the rudiments of religion,

to

to own the exiſtence and to fear the power of God; but the ſecond, of a more pure and ſpiritual nature, preſented higher rewards and opened brighter views: it taught us to claim kindred with Angels. "We received "not the ſpirit of bondage again, to fear; but we re- "ceived the ſpirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, "Father." It taught us not only to obey the voice, but to imitate the perfections of God, to endeavour to be perfect, as our Father in Heaven is perfect; and in order that this command might not terrify by its apparent impoſſibility, that this ſublime effort might not perplex with deſpair rather than cheer with hope, our Saviour condeſcended to explain his own precept, and to teach us wherein this prevailing, and ever-improving reſemblance is to conſiſt. "BE YE MERCIFUL, AS HE "IS MERCIFUL." Our imitation is pointed out with a reſtriction, which limits it to the moral perfections of God. We cannot aſpire to be like unto the Almighty in His infinity, in His wiſdom, or in His power; but mercy is an attribute, in which we worms of the earth may hope to reſemble even the Moſt High. In this holy path our exertions may be unbounded, ſince miſery is ever varying its ſhape:—they need know no pauſe, ſince every

every where ſome hand is ſtretched out for help:—they can never be in vain, ſince a cup of water is accepted as a ſacrifice; ſince even a wiſh (if that is all that we can beſtow) ſhall not be without it's record in Heaven.

The tender offices of humanity are within the reach of every one. The moſt humble individual may penetrate the chamber of ſorrow, and ſpeak peace to them that mourn, and comfort to the broken-hearted. The pooreſt man may ſmooth the pillow of the head that acheth, or wipe off the guſhing tear of the ſoul that weepeth in ſecret; but where many Talents are given, where wealth and power are united with the diſpoſition to do good, and with faith in Chriſt, although we are not gifted with authority to work miracles, as the Apoſtles were, although we cannot "confirm the word" by ſuch powerful Signs as they could, we can follow them in the ſame path; and by adopting the precepts, which were enjoined to them, as guides to ourſelves, we can confirm the word by Signs of the ſame nature.

Wholeſome Laws and protecting Governments concentrate the uſes, and ſecure the purpoſes of modern wealth;

wealth; and (although it may be preſumption to aſſert that they were ſo intended by Providence) it may be wiſe to regard them as ſubſtitutes for miraculous powers, inaſmuch as they enlarge the capacities of man by enabling him to look to a diſtant end, and exalt his energies by qualifying him to execute plans, which by their ſtability and permanence ſhall be productive of real and extended good. With theſe views they, who are bleſt with the happy means, cannot do better than endow Charities, which ſhall be grafted on the Eccleſiaſtical and Civil Government, and thereby partake of their ſtrength, and be in unity with them: they cannot do better than Your Predeceſſors, and Thoſe, who have worthily followed them, in theſe INSTITUTIONS have amply done.

When we trace the hiſtory of theſe Royal, and Antient Foundations; when we examine their ſite, and view the Monaſtic ruins on which they were raiſed; when we conſider who were the wiſe Maſter-builders, that wrought the good work; our conception is narrow, and our admiration will be confined, if we imagine that the nature and deſign of theſe Inſtitutions were accidental, or that

 they

they originated in vague compaſſion, which took advantage of occaſional circumſtances without any comprehenſive ſyſtem, or connected plan. No;—the aim of the Promoters of the Reformation was ſtrictly intentional, and their deſign wiſely good. Their charity was guided by their Faith. They pulled down not for the purpoſe of deſtruction, but that they might build up a more goodly fabric on the ruins: they rooted out evil, that they might plant a vineyard, of which the people of the Houſhold of Faith might eat the fruit in ſaintly communion. They knew that it would be vain to put the Book of God into the hands of mankind, unleſs they ſhewed its influence on their own conduct and practice; that it would be uſeleſs to make the light to ſhine where darkneſs reigned, unleſs to the Proteſtant eye, now cleared from the miſts of ſuperſtition, the doctrines of our Faith ſhould be diſplayed in all their genuine beauty: they were aware that it was idle to pretend to a purer Belief, unleſs they gave Signs of it, and they accordingly adopted thoſe Signs, which were to follow them that believe.——They intended theſe Inſtitutions as marks of their religion, as monuments of the Reformation, as Arks of the New Covenant of Love.

It

It was a grand Scheme of benevolence founded on the principles of the Goſpel, ſo that (as far as man can effect) the blind might receive their ſight, the deaf hear, and the lame walk, the lunatick be healed, thoſe who were nigh unto death be raiſed up, and the poor have the Goſpel preached unto them. They builded theſe Houſes that all the people might know the name of Chriſt, to love Him; and this Houſe, in which, as Chriſt commanded, young children are brought unto Him, they called by His name. *

To CHRIST'S HOSPITAL I ſhall call your particular attention, and on this part of the Houſehold of Faith we ſhall dwell with peculiar pleaſure, not merely becauſe it is delightful to turn from the conſideration of miſery (though that miſery may be relieved) to the meekneſs, the innocence, the ſimplicity of children; but becauſe Religious inſtruction, which makes known the ſaving truths of the Goſpel, is the final order of our Saviour, with which on almoſt all occaſions he concludes his precepts of benevolence. Of ſuch as dwell within

* Vide Solomon's dedication of the Temple, 1 Kings viii. 43.

theſe walls, our Saviour himſelf tells us, is the Kingdom of God. He took young children in his arms, put his hands upon them, and bleſſed them, and with marked emphaſis ſaid, that whatever was done unto one of them in His name was done unto Him.

Here, therefore, the Promoters of the Reformation laid the corner-ſtone: on the ruins of ſuperſtition they erected a place for the diſſemination of pure religion; and, while they daily prayed for the coming of Chriſt's Kingdom, here they endeavoured to advance it.—Here then we may turn with pleaſure, and dwell on the ſubject with minuteneſs, becauſe the detail is not only pleaſant, but (as this Seminary may challenge admiration, and be preſented as a model for all cities and indeed all nations) highly inſtructive.

The Lives of thoſe, who were formerly within theſe walls, reſembled their religion: they ſhut up the Bible from being uſeful to the people, and themſelves from being ſerviceable to the State: but the Founders of this Inſtitution knew that a life of induſtry is a life of God's own appointment, that without labour all the benefits of nature,

nature, and all the bleſſings of Providence muſt be loſt to man, and that a due employment of our talents is not only conſonant with the rules of the Goſpel, but is enjoined as a precept, which is recommended and illuſtrated by a diſtinct parable.

Men conſtitute a State; and by education of the Sons of the State we may ſtamp a character on the age, in which they are to live. It was therefore the aim of wiſe Legiſlators, even in the Heathen world, to form plans for a National education; and as ſucceſs in war was then deemed the chief ſource of proſperity, heroic valour was eſteemed the ſovereign, and almoſt the only virtue. Therefore by athletic exerciſe, by patience of heat, cold, thirſt, hunger, fatigue, watching, and pain the youthful warrior was admirably trained for his future ſanguinary career. With the ſame forethought, but under the guidance of a better knowledge, the Promoters of the Reformation deviſed a ſyſtem for an education of the children of the Houſhold of Faith, which ſhould partake of the genius of the national character, and render them uſeful members of the Commonwealth. In a country, where trade is honourable, where induſtry

and

and art are the ſources of our wealth, of our power, and of our glory, where our "merchants are Princes and "our traffickers are the honourable of the earth," the middling ranks of life have ever multiplied in proportion to the increaſing proſperity of the ſtate, and are at once its ornament, its riches, and its ſtrength. That education, therefore, which prepared youth to act as the agents of commerce, as ſkilful navigators, and as induſtrious artiſans, "whoſe deſire is in the work of "their craft," was intended to prepare them for that active life, which maintains our being, ſupports ſociety, preſerves kingdoms in peace, protects them in war, cultivates arts, increaſes knowledge, and thereby meliorates, adorns, defends, and dignifies man.—At the ſame time this attention to things temporal had an higher and a nobler aim. The pious Founders of this Seminary thus trained young children for a diligent diſcharge of the duties of this life, that ſo they might become more powerful inſtruments of ſpreading the knowledge of duties, which are perpetual; which vary not with times and ſeaſons, nor yield to any changes of rank and deſtination. Religion was made the ground-work of their education not only as a ſource of comfort and as a guide

to

to themſelves; but that, as their connections might reach into all lands, and their characters unto the ends of the world, by their conduct, by their influence, and by their example they might propagate the Goſpel; that they might not be as candles placed under a buſhel, but as burning, ſhining lights; that they might carry with them bleſſings to every family, with which they might be connected, to every perſon with whom they might have engagement, and that as good Neighbours, good Subjects, good Huſbands, good Fathers, good Maſters, and honeſt Men they might from generation to generation be living witneſſes of the truth, and perpetual Signs of the faith, that is in Jeſus Chriſt.

The children, who were firſt adopted into this Aſylum, became a Chriſtian family. In the wide world they were Orphans, but within theſe walls their Governors, Spiritual Paſtors, and Maſters were unto them as ſecond Parents, who remembered, that "the promiſe of bleſſing "was made unto Abraham, becauſe he commanded his "children and his houſhold after him." Increaſing reſources have enlarged the circle of Your charity without weakening that parental ſolicitude, which ſeems rather

to

to gather ſtrength as its ſphere is enlarged, and as its objects are multiplied. So vigilantly, ſo unceaſingly, ſo tenderly, ſo piouſly are the offices of the parent here fulfilled, that not only the widow entruſts her ſon to your care with a heart ſinging for joy; but the fondeſt father bids farewell to his little one with exulting confidence that his place will be more than ſupplied; and many, who can command for their children all that wealth can procure, or that inſtruction can beſtow, look with generous jealouſy on the advantages of this Seminary, where there is that diſcipline, which is the true beginning of wiſdom, and where "the care of that "diſcipline is Love."

By that unexampled and complete adoption, which confines ſo large a family in one Houſe, the contagion of bad example can be ſhut out;—opportunities of vice can be excluded;—every hold can be taken of their tender years, and the fear of God inſtilled into them before the world has taken poſſeſſion of them.

There is in all young perſons ſuch a diſpoſition to levity with ſuch a proneneſs to imitation that nothing can

can correct it, but the ſeverer manners of thoſe about them.—In the world they may be told not to lie, yet there they hear lies:—that they muſt not ſwear, yet there they hear curſing:—that they muſt be ſober, yet there they ſee intemperance:—that they muſt be kind, yet there they ſee bitterneſs:—that they muſt be modeſt, yet there they ſee open indecency:—in ſhort, though you point out a vice, and bid them beware of it, though you ſet forth a virtue, and bid them purſue it, they conſtantly ſee perſons committing the one, and acting in contradiction to the other. The children of THIS HOUSHOLD are preſerved to themſelves. Every noxious weed, which might twiſt its roots around the tender growing plant, is carefully removed. Here operates the ſilent but perſuaſive admonition of example, which is ſtronger than Law, and which acts with a more extenſive, more conſtant, and more moral effect. Every object around them ſtrikes impreſſions, and excites aſſociations, which give ſupport to their Religious principles. The imagination and the heart are trained in the ſame direction under one uniform diſcipline; a diſcipline, in which there is nothing to rob vivacity of its playfulneſs, or ſprightlineſs of its ſmile; which, while it demands obe-

 dience,

dience, inſpires love, and, while it enforces order, abridges no happineſs. A variety of prejudices, which take an early hold, muſt and will endure through life: here all things conſpire to make thoſe prejudices good: the infant mind receives a religious bias, and virtue is confirmed into a habit.

The good tree has brought forth good fruits. The character in life of thoſe, who have been thus trained, has been commenſurate with the care, which was taken of their early years. Among the induſtrious, who enlarge the reſources and increaſe the power of the nation, among the brave, who guard our rights, among the learned and pious men of our two famous Univerſities, among thoſe, (whoſe multitude is the welfare of the world) the virtuous of every rank, the names of the Sons of this Houſe have been fairly enrolled. Many, by an enviable happineſs of fortune, have riſen to be Nurſing-Fathers of that Inſtitution, which reared them, Stewards of thoſe Charitable Endowments, which they once enjoyed.

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The fondeſt expectation, however, cannot look forward to the future fortunes of that infant Band, and dare even to hope that every honeſt effort ſhall meet with ſucceſs, that the due improvement of talent ſhall always meet its earthly recompence, or that from this riſing generation, as from every preceding one, PAIN, SORROW, PENURY and DISEASE ſhall not ſelect their Victims.

By a Religious education, My young Brethren, you are prepared for the race that is ſet before you. While every path to wealth, proſperity, and honour is opened to you, you are armed with that which adorns riches, and without which all worldly acquiſitions are trifling. Without religion no man can be happy, and with it no one need be miſerable: for "whether a man be rich or "poor, if he have a good heart toward the Lord, he ſhall "at all times rejoice with a cheerful countenance." It ſhall bring you peace at the laſt. Ye are now of God, little children, and ſo may ye continue, and if children then Heirs, Heirs of God, and joint Heirs with Chriſt.

The evil and adulterous generation is not yet extinct. If any of that race ſhould aſk a ſign of the divine origin of our Faith, in the ſpirit of the Bleſſed Jeſus we will ſhew them the blind man " taken by the hand :"—we will lead them to the bed of ſickneſs, and ſhew them the tender mercies, which are reſtoring him who lies ſenſeleſs and ſtupid, like the deaf man that hears not, unconſcious of the voice, which would cheer him, or of the hand, which ſupports his aching head :—we will lead them to the chambers of that ſorrow, which is worſe than death, that malady at which the neareſt and the deareſt kinſmen are affrighted and ſtand afar off, and we will ſhew them the lunatick and ſore-vexed removed to an Aſylum, where, though he foameth and gnaſheth with his teeth and pineth away, he ſhall not " fall oft-" times into the fire, and oft into the water," the ſpirit ſhall not " throw him down, and bruiſe him, and tear " him," but pity is ſhewn unto him, who knows not how to implore it, mercy is extended unto them, who know not to have mercy on themſelves: laſtly we will lead them to this Aſſembly of young children with united prayers and praiſes addreſſing the throne of Grace,

Grace, and giving thanks to God for that bountiful kindneſs, which prepares them to be uſeful members of Society, and to be inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

If Charity edifieth; if it be with the HEART, as St. Paul ſays, that man believeth unto righteouſneſs, ſurely theſe Signs muſt convince the unbeliever. But if his heart be ſtill ſo hardened, that he ſees nothing in the amiable countenance of our religion to invite his affections, nothing in its majeſty and authority to command his reverence, in the ſpirit of the ſame Bleſſed Jeſus we muſt ſigh deeply for that no further ſign can be given, but the ſign of the Son of Man coming with the clouds of Heaven, in a flame of fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Goſpel.

When the Phariſees could not deny the miracles, which our Saviour wrought, they pretended that the power, which worked them, was of Satan. The ſame wilful perverſeneſs, againſt which there is no remedy, diſtinguiſhes the Infidels of the preſent age, who, as they cannot refuſe to acknowledge the good works of Charity,

attempt

attempt to deny the Divine origin of its precepts.—One Claſs of theſe vain diſputers aſſert that Charity is not the characteriſtic of the Chriſtian alone, that Benevolence is the dictate of Natural Religion, and that its beauties are ſet forth in the writings of many Sages of the Pagan world.—Another Claſs affect to cenſure the contracted limits of our Charity, which (as they erroneouſly imagine) confine it to the members of the Houſhold of Faith:—while a third Claſs have dared to lift their hardened fronts, and with unhallowed lips to declare, that Benevolence is a crime rather than a virtue.

To the firſt opponents of our Faith, while we may ſafely allow that in the works of the Heathen Poets, Orators, and Philoſophers are to be found many noble conceptions of virtue, and of the attributes of a Divine Providence, and many expreſſions, which breathe a ſpirit of loving kindneſs towards man, we at the ſame time aſſert, that theſe expreſſions are very thinly ſcattered in their writings, and that they break forth only now and then like ſudden emanations of light out of thick darkneſs. Charity was not inculcated by them as the leading

leading principle of conduct, nor even as a diſtinguiſhed virtue. They had only an unſteady and interrupted view of this bright ſtar, which was almoſt perpetually hid from their ſight by the paſſing clouds of error. They knew not, they could not know, that the love of our neighbour, next to the fear of God, was the great Commandment: they could not have any conception, that man's good-will to man ſhould be rewarded with immortal bliſs. Nor is their ignorance to be wondered at: ſince even God's choſen people had not yet learned, that "Mercy is better than Sacrifice." Even among the Jews the wretched maniac might wander naked among the tombs; and, though an Angel came down to trouble the waters, the poor man might lie many years without a friend to help him into the healing pool. Even the Jews knew not the excellence of Charity, till Chriſt came to proclaim the bleſſed precept, and to ſhew how dear man ought to be to man by uniting man with God.

To thoſe cavillers (ſurely it is not harſh to call them by that name) who ſtyle themſelves Advocates of Univerſal Philanthropy, we may reply, that if their principles

ciples ariſe from an expanſion of feeling; if, after having done all the good they can, they ſtill thirſt for greater opportunities, it is well;—then is their charity akin to ours, and we can only lament that it is not the fruit of Faith. But if their univerſal Philanthropy be merely a cloke for lazy inaction; if they content themſelves with the feeling without the works that ſhould follow it; if under pretence of love to all they ſhew indifference to thoſe, who are moſt near to them; if a brother or a ſiſter be naked and deſtitute of daily food, and they merely ſay, "Be you warmed, and be you "filled, and notwithſtanding give them not thoſe things, "which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?" It is not charity, but an inſolent cruel ſarcaſm, which vexes the ſouls of the needy, and tears them to pieces with words: It is a ſtubborn ſullen ſentiment like that of the unfaithful ſervant, who wrapped his talent in a napkin: It is an inſidious ſophiſtry, like thoſe of the Phariſees of old, to undermine the doctrines of our Faith. When theſe Philoſophers affect to cenſure the limited ſphere of our Charity we will boldly reply to them, that our Benevolence is univerſal, that our good-will extends to all men. Neither Jew, Heretic, Turk nor Infidel is excluded

excluded from our Prayers. We pray that the mercy of God may be extended to the whole world, that His ways may be known upon earth, His ſaving health unto all nations. But as man is a limited agent, his effectual good offices cannot reach very diſtant ends, and muſt follow the order of nature. As Sciences are learned by attention to their elementary parts, as a Building is raiſed by each workman taking the lot aſſigned to him, as the World is maintained by every individual doing the duty of his own ſtation, ſo is the general happineſs promoted by local and particular charity. Our benevolence in action muſt be as contracted as our means are. We cannot diſtribute our few loaves among five thouſand; we therefore muſt divide them among thoſe, who are moſt near to us, among our brethren, among our kindred, and among our fellow-members of the Houſhold of Faith; and, as our charity is to be a teſt of our Belief, that we may not be confounded by the magnitude of its objects and the comparative littleneſs of our powers, our Saviour kindly tells us that a man "ſhall be accepted "according to what he hath, and not according to what "he hath not."

By the ſame law of our Nature, which theſe diſputers of this world do not deign to heed, but which our bleſſed Saviour condeſcended to conſider, even our feelings, even the workings of the mind, which are circumſcribed by no boundary, can expand only by degrees.—" If," ſays our Saviour, " ye love not your brother, whom ye " have ſeen, how can ye love God, whom ye have not " ſeen?" Following the ſame chain of reaſoning we may ſay, if a man do not feel particular affection for his kinſmen and for his friends, how can he feel affection for thoſe, who are unknown to him? If vital heat do not glow at the heart, how ſhall the extremities be warm? We muſt love individuals before we can love the ſpecies. Even our love of God, which is the moſt pure feeling of the heart, is only an exaltation of that love, which we have from early aſſociations cheriſhed for thoſe, who are moſt near and dear to us; and our Saviour in tender conſideration to this limitation of our nature teaches us to adore God by calling Him our Father; and invites us to love Him by endearing Him to us under the familiar appellations of our Guide, our Benefactor, our Teacher, and our Friend.

Thus

Thus does the Divine Author of our religion accommodate his rules for our conduct to the extent of our corporeal and intellectual powers, and to the circumſtances of our preſent ſtate; and it is plainly evident, that by diſpenſing the fruits of our loving-kindneſs with diſcrimination, by doing good "unto all men, as we have "opportunity, but eſpecially unto thoſe of the houſhold "of Faith," we are acting in conformity with the ſpirit of our religion, with the nature of man, with the beſt ſchemes for the promotion of human happineſs in general, and even of that Univerſal Love, which many pretend to admire and to inculcate, but which few can feel or comprehend. For if we of the Houſhold of Faith are kind one to another, all men ſhall ſee our good works, and ſhall learn to glorify our Father, which is in Heaven. Others ſhall be edified by our love. We ſhall kindle charity, and eſtabliſh the Faith by that unerring Sign, which is to diſtinguiſh us as the diſciples of Chriſt.

With reſpect to thoſe, who in theſe latter days have had the dauntleſs hardihood to deny the virtue of Benevolence, it is ſufficient to obſerve, that the ſame Philoſophy has ſtyled gratitude a crime, has abetted ſuicide, has

cut aſunder the ſacred ties of marriage, and has made the preſervation of our offspring a matter of cold calculation. It is a ſyſtem, which would make the whole man cruel and falſe. It has been a foul attempt to dig a pit for the ſoul, and to annihilate the image of God, that is within us.

Thus you obſerve the wicked malice and conſummate art of that attack, which would ſap the foundations of the Houſhold of Faith by deſtroying our mutual Charity. If it were to prevail, what a hideous craſh would enſue! All the cords, which bind man, to man would be broken, and the whole fabric of Society would fall in ruins.

The aim of our enemies may teach us wiſdom.—All their cavils, all their inſidious objections ſhew, that even our enemies feel what are the SIGNS OF OUR BELIEF: they are conſcious that Charity is the tower of our ſtrength, or they would not ſo uniformly attack this very point.

Verily it is the tower of our ſtrength; and we may regard theſe antient Foundations, whoſe charitable purpoſes

we

we now commemorate, as citadels, on which, under the auſpices of a pious PRINCE, * and of the Biſhop † of this great City, the Magiſtrates, who then bare rule in it, erected the Standard of our Faith. The protection of theſe eſtabliſhments was entruſted to the LORD MAYOR and the ALDERMEN, as one of their proudeſt privileges, and moſt ſacred rights; and as ſuch their ſucceſſors from generation to generation have piouſly continued to preſerve it. It is a privilege, which You and the Many, who now participate with you in this labour of Love, hold dear, not from the ſelfiſh views of worldly wiſdom, which would teach you that the reſtoration of the ſick man to health and employment is a new ſource of public proſperity, not becauſe theſe young children ſhall be to the Guardians of this nation's wealth and power like arrows in the hand of the Giant, but from purer hopes, and from nobler motives. Your charity is of Faith. You undergo this labour of love for Chriſt's name's ſake; and You cheriſh theſe Inſtitutions as Signs of that Belief, which makes man an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

* EDWARD VI. † RIDLEY.

In

In addreſſing You, who thus apply the means, which God has afforded you, to the Salvation of yourſelves and others, the Miniſter of the Goſpel does not endeavour to excite feelings of benevolence, and to urge thoſe onward, who had ſlackened in their courſe; but he enjoys a holy exultation in commemorating bleſſings already beſtowed, in praiſing works already well-done, and in commending thoſe, who are "not weary in going on "unto perfection."

Our glorying is good: for "we preach not ourſelves, "but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord." Not unto ourſelves, not unto ourſelves, O Lord, but unto thy name do we give praiſe, while we partake of this feaſt of Charity, and join in that Chorus of thankſgiving, which now aſcends to Heaven.—It aſcends from the blind man, who "though light is ſweet and a pleaſant thing it is for the "eye to behold the Sun," and though the light of his eyes be gone, is cheerfully praiſing God for that bounty, which is as a ſtaff to his hand, and as a guide to his feet:—it aſcends from him, who is ſupporting a happy family by the labour of that arm, which once was withered:—it aſcends from the lunatick "now clothed

"and

" and in his right mind, and ſitting at the feet of " Jeſus:"—it aſcends from this aſſembly of young children, and from many of riper years in this congregation, who are come to renew a paſt pleaſure by uniting in the debt of gratitude:—it aſcends from many in every region of the Globe, who are enjoying the fruits of that religious education, which they here received, and who in the moſt diſtant climes ſtill fondly cheriſh the remembrance of this Holy Day;—it aſcends from You, Good Stewards of God's bounty, who bleſs the Almighty Giver of that proſperity, which enables you to alleviate human woe, to increaſe human happineſs, to confirm the word by thoſe " Signs which are to follow them that " believe," and thereby to enlarge the Houſhold of Faith.

This is indeed a Feaſt, a Feaſt without ſpot, a faint emblem of the Supper of the Lamb in Heaven, at which, God of his infinite mercy grant, that we may all meet as gueſts. Amen.

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## ANALYSIS

OF

## PALEY'S PRINCIPLES OF MORAL AND POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

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From the Author

# SOME ACCOUNT

OF

# TWO MUMMIES OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS,

ONE OF WHICH WAS IN A REMARKABLY PERFECT STATE.

BY

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FROM THE

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*By Order of the President and Council,*

E. W. GRAY, M. D. Sec. R. S.

# SOME ACCOUNT, &c.

*Read before the* ROYAL SOCIETY, *June* 13, 1805.

THE ancient Egyptians were not more remarkable for their attainments in science, than for the extraordinary attention they paid to the bodies of their deceased relatives, preserving their remains by arts which are now either unknown, or imperfectly recorded, and depositing them in subterranean structures, which to this day excite the curiosity and wonder of the philosophic traveller. The practice of embalming was not confined, as is well known, to the conservation of human bodies exclusively; it was likewise employed to protect the remains of several of their sacred animals from that decay and dissolution which usually ensues, on the exposure of animal substances to the action of the earth, or of the atmosphere. We learn from HERODOTUS,* that among the different animals which the Egyptians honoured with this peculiar mode of sepulture, were the cat, the ichneumon, the mus araneus terrestris, the ibis, and the hawk; but, whether this be a complete enumeration or not, it is almost impossible, at this period of time, to determine. Mummies of the hawk and of the ibis have been often drawn out of the catacombs; and OLIVIER asserts, that he has not only met with the bones of the mus

* Euterpe.

araneus terrestris, but also with those of several of the smaller species of quadrupeds, and that the bones of different animals are not unfrequently contained within the same wrapper.* It is however confidently affirmed by different writers, that the more modern Egyptians have frequently included a single bone of some quadruped within the usual quantity of cloth, which they have artfully taken from some decayed mummy in the catacombs, and then fraudulently sold this sophisticated production as an ancient mummy. Hence, any general conclusions founded on meeting with the bones of other quadrupeds, must be received with diffidence and suspicion.†

The mummies which are taken out of the catacombs of the birds at Saccara, and at Thebes, are included in earthen jars, closed with a cover of the same material. The cloth which envelopes the mummy is sometimes tolerably firm and perfect; but, on removing this, we commonly meet with a quantity of dust, resembling powdered charcoal in its appearance, intermixed with the bones, or the fragments of bones, belonging to the creature which had been contained in it. The decomposition is often so complete, that no traces of the animal remain; but, on other occasions, the intire collection of bones, with the bill of the bird, have been found in a condition sufficiently perfect to construct a skeleton with them. In the fourth volume of the *Annales du Muséum National d'Histoire naturelle*, M. CUVIER has published an interesting memoir on the Ibis, with an engraving of the skeleton of that bird, which had been formed of the bones collected from the catacombs at Thebes. That able naturalist, after comparing the ancient accounts of that celebrated bird with those of the moderns,

* *Voyage en Egypte*, Tome III. chap. viii. † Phil. Trans. 1794.

assigns it a place among the species of curlew, under the name of Numenius Ibis.

The accounts of the mummy of the ibis which have been hitherto made public, were collected from observations made on it in a decayed state: I presume, therefore, that a description of the mummy of an ibis in a condition unusually perfect, may not be unacceptable to the curious. Among the curiosities, natural and artificial, which were collected by the late Major HAYES,* in the years 1802 and 1803, were two small mummies, which he took out of the catacombs at Thebes in Upper Egypt. They were contained in earthen jars, and were enveloped in cloth, similar to those which are brought from Saccara. At the request of his family, I first examined the larger of the two, and found the covering to consist of bandages of cloth, strong and firm, and about three inches broad. The first circumvolutions of the roller separated easily; but, as I proceeded, they adhered more firmly to each other, and were at length so closely cemented together by a resinous-like substance, that I was obliged to divide the folds of the cloth with a strong knife. Each layer of the bandage appeared to have been imbued with some bituminous or resinous substance, in a liquid state, and the roller was farther secured by strong pieces of thread, so that the whole mass was rendered extremely hard and coherent. When I had removed the greater part of the covering, I found that it had contained a bird, which was thickly covered with the same kind of substance that had cemented the different strips of the roller. The examination

* This accomplished young gentleman, who served during the late campaign in Egypt, died July 26, 1803, at Rosetta, aged 25 years. By his premature death, his country lost an able officer, and a zealous promoter of the interests of science.

was now carried on more slowly, by picking out carefully all the loose bituminous matter that could be removed without injuring the mummy; and, after the labour of many hours, I succeeded in displaying the whole bird, as it had been deposited by the embalmer. The operator who had embalmed this bird, had previously disposed its several parts with great order and regularity.

The neck was twisted, so as to place the vertex of the head on the body of the bird, a little to the left side of the sternum. The curved bill, with its concave part turned upwards, descended between the feet, and reached to the extremity of the tail. Each foot, with its four claws turned forwards, was bent upwards, and placed on each side of the head. The wings were brought close to the sides of the body. It was impossible to remove much of the bituminous matter from the back and wings, without injuring the mummy; but I took away a quantity sufficient to show that the plumage was white, the feathers being tipped with dark brown at their extremities; I could not, however, uncover the tail feathers, so as to determine their colour. The bird had attained its full growth; for the quills of one wing, which had suffered some injury in removing the bandage, were in a perfect state: the largest of these quills is delineated, of the natural size, in the annexed Plate. The following are the dimensions of such parts of the Ibis as are accessible.

| | Inches. |
|---|---|
| Length of the bird, from the termination of the neck to the extremity of the tail - - - - - | 12½ |
| Length of the neck, in which ten vertebræ can be traced - - - - - - - | 6½ |
| Length of the head and bill, following the curve - | 8 |

| | Inches. |
|---|---|
| Length of the sternum | 4 |
| From the end of the metatarsal bone to the extremity of the longest toe | 7 |
| The longest toe | $3\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Width of the body at the shoulders | $4\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Circumference of the body, at its thickest part | $13\frac{1}{2}$ |

Weight of the mummy, $16\frac{1}{2}$ ounces Troy.

This mummy is in a very firm and intire state, exhibiting no particular marks of decay, although it is probable, that the greater part of 3000 years has elapsed since it was interred; for the destruction of the Egyptian Thebes is of an earlier date than the foundation of any city now existing. The appearance of the mummy renders it probable, that the bird was immersed in the bituminous matter, when it was in a liquid state, and capable of insinuating itself into all the inequalities on the surface of the body; the several folds of the bandage must have been likewise covered with the same varnish: but the animal was certainly not boiled in the liquid, as GREW supposed,* since the feathers are not at all corrugated, nor indeed materially changed from their natural appearance.

The examination of different mummies of the Ibis proves indubitably that the same care has not been used, nor have the same methods been followed, in the preparing of them; but, whether the difference observed depended upon the condition of the bird when it was embalmed, or upon the unequal skill and diligence of the operators, cannot now be ascertained. This, however, is sufficiently evident, that the variety exhibited in their appearance does not depend on the place where the bird was deposited, since many mummies of birds have been taken

* *Musæum Regalis Societatis*, § 1.

from the catacombs at Thebes, in as imperfect and decayed a condition as those which have been procured from Saccara.

I have been favoured with the permission to unroll another mummy of the Ibis, also sent from Thebes by Major HAYES, which had been embalmed in a different manner from that I have already described. The cloth which surrounded it was of a coarser texture, and had not been so thoroughly imbued with bitumen, nor was the roller continued down to the body of the bird; for, when I had removed as much of the bandage as reduced the mummy to about $\frac{2}{3}$ of its original bulk, I found that, instead of circular bands, it was wrapped in several different portions of coarse linen cloth, each of them large enough to contain the whole Ibis. This Ibis was in a decayed state, and had so little coherence, that its several parts separated on handling it: there was a small portion of the neck, with white plumage upon it, remaining, but neither the head, the bill, nor any remains of them, could be discovered. The feathers of this bird are of a dark brown colour, in some parts tipped with white; the neck and the tail have a white plumage, and as much of the tail as could be preserved displayed the tufted appearance delineated in the engraving of M. CUVIER.

Two species of the Ibis, the black and the white, have been noticed by HERODOTUS,* ARISTOTLE,† and PLINY:‡ but PLUTARCH has only mentioned the white Ibis.§ ARISTOTLE and PLINY have contended that the black Ibis was found only at Damietta, (Pelusium,) and that, in all the other parts of Egypt, the white Ibis only was seen. Whether the two birds which I

* Euterpe.

† *Hist. Animalium*, lib. ix. c. xxvii.

‡ C. PLINII *Nat. Hist.* lib. x. c. xxx.

§ *De Iside et Osiride.*

have described present specimens of the black and white Ibis, I cannot presume to determine. The anterior layer of feathers of the Ibis last examined is of a dark colour; but the plumage beneath is white. Many of the dark feathers are not at all marked with white.

The most ancient, and probably the most authentic account which we possess of the Egyptian art of embalming, is delivered by HERODOTUS;* and what is offered upon this subject by subsequent writers, seems to have been copied from this early historian. Their narratives relate principally to the conservation of human bodies; and, in the preparing of these, it appears that the contents of the abdomen, at least, were removed by incision, or were corroded by injecting a liquor extracted from the cedar-tree.† But it is almost certain, that birds were not previously opened, nor was any art employed to remove the stomach and intestines; for, on examining the interior parts of the dark coloured Ibis, I met with a soft spongy substance, lying quite loose, containing a great number of scarabæi in an imperfect state; these had probably been taken as the food of the bird, and were not digested at the time of its death, but remained in the alimentary canal to the present period. CUVIER also remarks, that he found within the mummy of an Ibis part of the skin and scales of a serpent.

As larvæ of dermestides and other insects have been detected among the dust and bones of a mummy, it may be presumed that the Ibis was not always embalmed in a fresh state; which may indeed account, in part, for the very imperfect condition in which many of these birds are found.

The Ibis was held in great veneration by the Egyptians for

* Euterpe. † PANCIROLLUS *Rerum memorab.* pars i. tit. xlii.

its singular utility in destroying serpents, and other noxious reptiles:* hence, the figure of this bird is seen on many monuments of Egyptian antiquity, as an inhabitant of their temples, and an attendant on their sacrifices.† It was likewise employed as a symbol in their hieroglyphical writing;‡ and the punishment of death was inflicted on those who killed this sacred bird. The other extraordinary qualities ascribed to the Ibis by PLINY, PLUTARCH, and some succeeding writers, are either too indistinctly expressed to be quite intelligible, or too obviously absurd to be credible.§

## EXPLANATION OF PLATE VIII.

A, Vertebræ of the neck.
B, The head.
C, The bill.
D, The tail.
E, The right leg and foot.
F, The left leg and foot.
G, The hind claw bent forwards.
H, The sternum.
I, A quill of the wing feathers.
The whole is represented of the natural size.

* The remark of CICERO on this subject, is perhaps no less true than shrewd: "Ipsi, qui irridentur, Egyptii, nullam belluam, nisi ob aliquam utilitatem, quam ex "ea caperent, consecraverunt." *De Natura Deorum*, lib. i.

† *Explication de divers Monumens singuliers*, CALMET.

‡ *Hieroglyph Horapollo*, xxxvi. RHODIGIN. *Antiq. Lect.* lib. iv. c. xvi.

§ C. PLINII *Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. c. xxvii. PLUTARCH. *De Iside*, &c.

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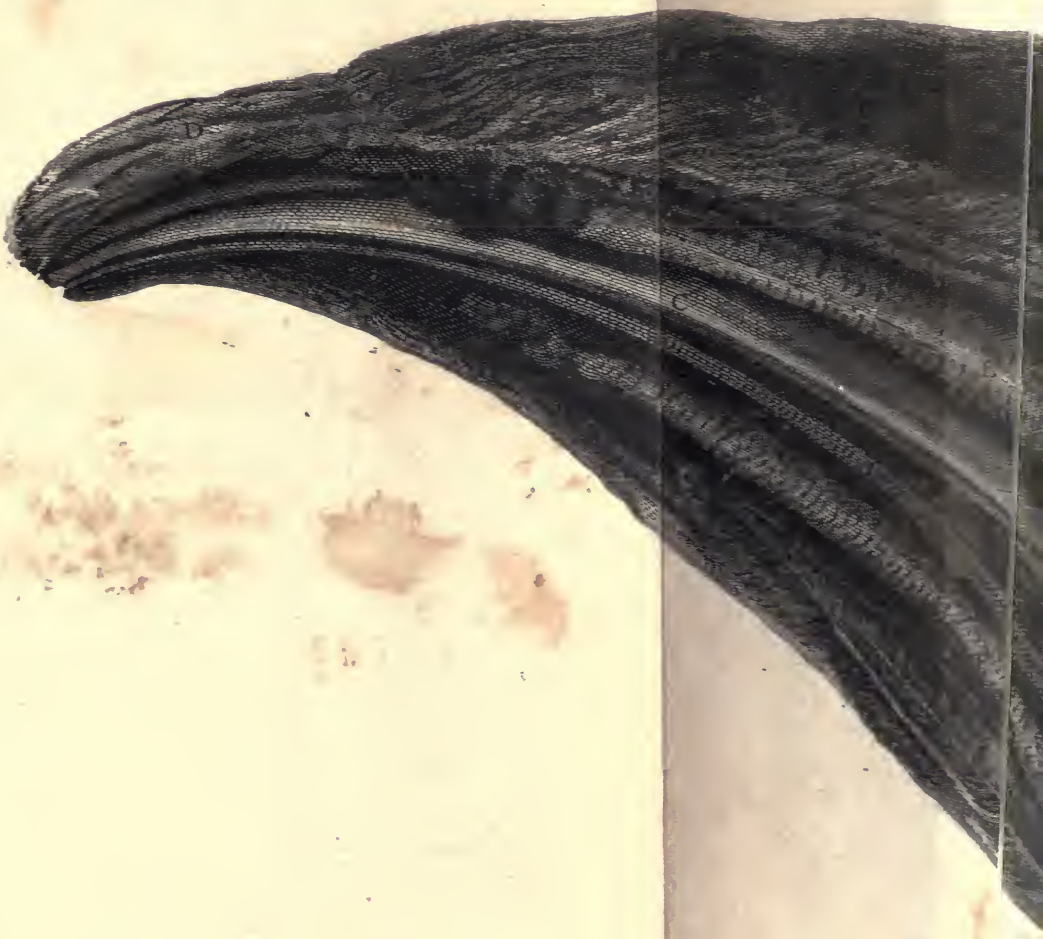
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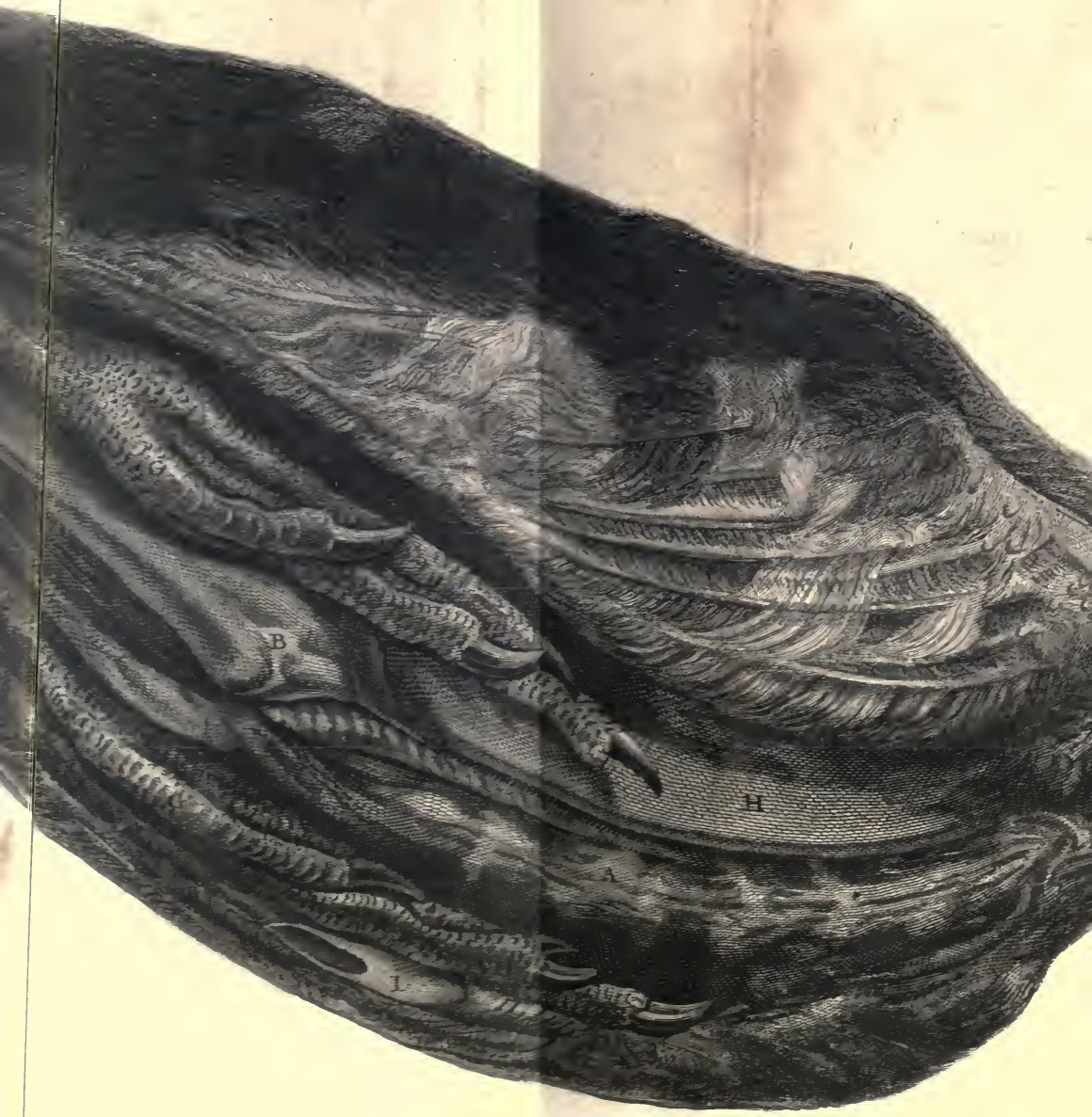
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